HYMNS OF ZION.

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HYMNS OF ZION,

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DESIGNED

AS AN AID TO DEVOTION

IN FAMILIES, SOCIAL CIRCLES, AND MEETINGS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BY AN EVANGELIST.

Abel Charles Thomas

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—*St. Paul.*

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PREFACE.

Many persons of piety and good taste in literature, have lamented the prosaic and inelegant style of most of the hymns and spiritual songs in general use. Watts, Rippon, the Wesleys, and other devout men, have undoubted claims to our grateful regard for their lyrical compositions—but we should not so reverence their labors as to forego the advantages of improvement.

In the preparation of the selected hymns in this volume, I profess to have disregarded the originals, wherever departure therefrom appeared desirable. Extensive alterations have been made in imagery, expression, rhythm and rhyme. In some cases, the hymns have been so remodelled as to present slight indications of their primitive form, and in many instances new stanzas have been substituted for exscinded portions. For this reason, the names of authors are omitted, and the alterations are not in any way designated. It is believed that much has been done in the way of improvement—and conceded, that much more remains to be accomplished. Many original hymns are inserted. To some of them the initials of the writers are affixed, and the authorship of others is acknowledged in the Index. These are not presented as specimens of what sacred lyrical poetry should be—but as a contribution to the materials from which a volume of better compositions may hereafter be arranged.

In the preparation of the music, simplicity and variety were consulted. The tunes are generally easy of execution; and a sufficient number is furnished to gratify every reasonable taste. The solemnity of Old Hundred, and other pieces of the olden time; the brilliancy of Refuge and Gospel Banner; the exultation of Ilford and Creation; and the pathos of Benneville and kindred harmonies,—are here presented in varied but not incongruous affinity. And believing that many of the most beautiful secular melodies might be profitably appropriated to devotional purposes, a number of them have been harmonized and inserted in this work. Care has been taken to select such as are disconnected with improper associations. But should some pious persons disapprove this appropriation, they may set aside the harmonies referred to, and find herein a sufficient variety of music originally composed for religious use.

In some of the tunes, those who have studied music as a science will find deviations from established rules. Were the book prepared exclusively for the use of scientific persons, these deviations would be excluded—but it should be remembered that a tune which is condemned as a barbarism by one, may be highly valued by another—and since a sufficient variety is presented to gratify the taste of all, without injury to any, it is hoped that occasional eccentricity will be considered admissible, even by musical critics.

The sentiment of the hymn should always determine the style of execution in the music. Singing is but speaking with greater modulations of voice—and as in speaking, so in singing,—the movement should be faster, or slower—the expression exulting or pathetic, and the tone louder or softer, according to the nature of the theme.

And since the corresponding words in the several stanzas of a hymn, seldom properly admit of the same expression, it is manifest that the musical marks of *piano*, *forte*, and the like, are of little service, excepting in music to which words have been expressly adapted—as in Anthems. For this reason, I have omitted all such marks, saving in a few instances. He who *understands* and *feels* the sentiment, will cause sense and sound to correspond, if he possess but ordinary knowledge of music and a tolerable voice,—while he who either does not understand, or, understanding, feels no sympathy with the sentiment expressed, will sing with little profit to others and less to himself, however scientific his execution, or melodious the intonations of his voice. The motto of this volume is full of meaning: "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

I gratefully acknowledge my obligations to Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Boston, editor of the "Songs of Zion;" Rev. Joshua Leavitt, of New York, editor of the "Christian Lyre;" and Lowell Mason, Esq., of Boston, editor of "The Choir,"—for permission to copy music from these publications, respectively. The tunes will be found duly credited—but I feel that I should not do myself justice without inserting this prefatory notice of the favor received. Especially are my acknowledgments due to the gentleman first named, for unrestricted permission to copy from his late valuable work. A. C. T.

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* Hymns written by the Editor.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Supreme love to God—implying adoration of his character, submission to his will, and obedience to his laws—is the sublime end of the economy of heaven; and devotional exercises are valuable only so far as they contribute to or manifest this divine result. Hence, the graces of the christian life are commended, enjoined, and prayed for, prominently, in all the variety of subjects here presented.—Hymns inserted in one division of the Index, will, in many cases, be found equally suited to another.

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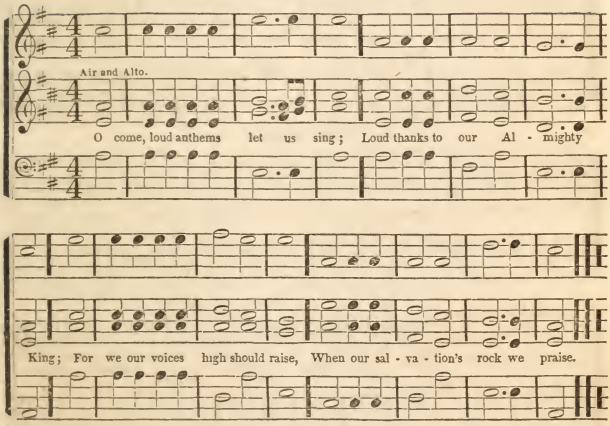
HYMNS OF ZION.

1. STERLING. L. M.



HYMN 1.

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

To his blest courts let us repair,
And humbly bow before him there:
To him alone the grateful song,
And thankful hymns of praise belong.

Earth and its depths are in his hand;
Sea and its isles his wisdom plann'd;
And earth and sea and sky, proclaim
The might and honour of his name.

O come, and bow before the Lord,
Ye who can best his praise record:
Come, and with holy hosts above,
Sing of the wonders of his love.

HYMN 2.

O all ye people, clap your hands,
And shout in triumph while you sing;
Sing his high praise who earth commands,
And over all is sovereign King.

The morning stars together join,
To chant his praise who form'd their host;
And, blest with favors most divine,
Man should adore and praise him most.

Goodness and care his might displays
In all around, beneath, above:
Wisdom appears in all his ways,
And all his plans are plans of love.

Loud praises to Jehovah sing,
Ye highly-favor'd sons of men;
And angels, on celestial wing,
Shall join the theme, and shout Amen.

2. DUKE STREET. L. M.

HYMN 3.

1. Long as I live, all - gra - cious Lord! My song thy glories shall record;

Thy praise, my God, shall be the strain, While life and rea - son shall re - main.

3. BREWER. L. M.

2. Sweet are the thoughts which fill my breast, When on thy various works I rest:

Let ev'ry voice its tribute raise, And triumph in Jehovah's praise.

4. METHUEN. L. M.

3. In every realm let grace display, The glories of the lat - ter day;

That so each tribe and tongue may be, Inspired to love and honor thee.

HYMN 4.

Praise ye the Lord; let praise employ
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around,
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

Extol his name in strains divine;
His wondrous works in glory shine:
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

Awake to praise each joyous tone,
To make your holy transports known;
Awake each tongue—lift up each voice,
In grateful rapture to rejoice.

Let all whom life and breath inspire,
To holy hymns of joy aspire;
And let the sacred concert rise,
To join the chorus of the skies.

HYMN 5.

Give to the Lord immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He built the wide and glorious earth;
To heav'n and all its hosts gave birth;
His mercies he will e'er display,
Tho' heav'n and earth should pass away!

He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt and sorrow and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of Lords renown;
The King of Kings with glory crown:
His mercies he will still display,
When lords and kings have past away.

HYMN 6.

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to our Father's name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

Behold it glow in Shiloh's face,
The brightest Image of his grace;
And hear it breathe in ev'ry tone,
In which salvation was made known!

Grace! 'tis a soul-rejoicing theme!
It flows in one eternal stream!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

O may we reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where we his beauties shall behold,
And sing his praise to harps of gold.

HYMN 7.

The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till thro' the world thy truth has run—
Till Christ hath all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

HYMN 8.

Praise, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose mighty will
Creation's wide domains fulfil.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there reveals a plan of grace
Encircling all the human race.

O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what our Father saith!
To glory in his gracious will,
And all his holy laws fulfil!

Then should the earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,—
Our steadfast souls should fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar!

HYMN 9.

Nature, with all her pow'rs, shall sing
Her great Creator, and her King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

Ye angels near his radiant throne,
Unite to make his glories known;
Attune your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

O may our grateful zeal employ
Each pow'r of mind in hymns of joy;
And join, with heart-inspiring songs,
The anthems of angelic tongues.

Yet, gracious God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The highest notes that angels raise,
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

5. SHOEL. L. M.

HYMN 10.

1. Thou God of Truth, if we have erred,
Thro' dark - ness, from thy holy word, Shed on our
minds thy bet - ter light, That we may worship thee aright.

6. PORTUGAL. L. M.

2. Thou God of Love, thy grace impart, With this, thy
law, to ev'ry heart, To love as we are
loved in heav'n, Forgive as we are there forgiv'n.

HYMN 11.

We sing the bright and Morning Star,
The day-spring of eternal love!
See how its rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

Those cheering rays, spread wide abroad,
Point out the Christian's onward way;
And as he goes, he finds the road
Enlightened with increasing day.

More bright and beauteous it will grow,
As onward still his way he wends:
In heav'n its beams forever glow,
Where light with life in glory blends.

HYMN 12.

Breathe, Holy Spirit, from above,
Until our hearts with fervor glow;
O kindle there a Saviour's love,
That we his grace divine may know.

Bid all conflicting passions cease,
And fear from every mind to flee;
And give to each that holy peace,
Unknown to all who know not Thee.

Confer on us thy heav'nly joy,
Our hopes and faith to triumph raise;
Guide us to bliss without alloy,
And tune our hearts to endless praise.

HYMN 13.

From worship, now, thy church dismiss—
But not without thy blessing, Lord;
O grant a taste of heavenly bliss,
And seal the teachings of thy word.

Oft may these pleasant scenes return,
When we shall meet to worship thee;
Oft may our hearts within us burn
To hear thy word, thy goodness see.

And when these scenes of joy are past,
To thee, our God, O may we fly,
And meet th' assembled world at last,
In our unfading home on high.

HYMN 14.

Sweet hope! the heav'nly balm of joy,
Triumphant reign within my mind;
Let doubt nor darken nor destroy,
The peace that in thy smile I find.

Thou art the comfort of my days,
The solace of each weary hour,
The joy that wakes to life my praise,
And animates each vital pow'r.

Thy ever-glorious light appears,
And gilds the clouds of earthly gloom;
And buds of bliss, tho' steep'd in tears,
In thy blest rays expand and bloom.

HYMN 15.

Come, blessed Spirit, source of light.
Whose pow'r and grace are unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The deeper darkness of the mind.

To my illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal,
That I may run the heav'nly way,
And with delight perform thy will.

Thine inward teachings may I know,
The depths of thy redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And glory of the things above.

While through the maze of life I stray,
Spread like the sun, thy beams abroad;
O show me wisdom's peaceful way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

HYMN 16.

Great God! let all my tuneful pow'rs
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,—
Thy hand from whence my being came.

Seasons and times, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honors raise.

My life, my health, my friends, I owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of purer joys above.

Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

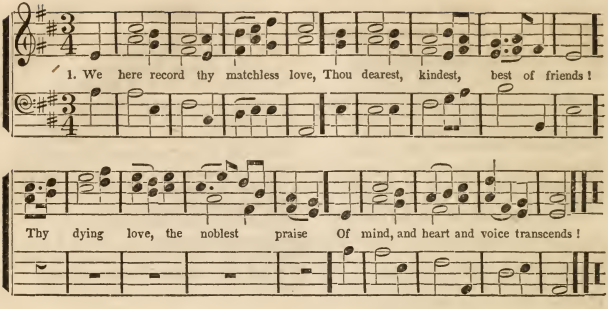
HYMN 17.

In thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That spread delight thro' earth abroad,
And bless the mansions of the skies.

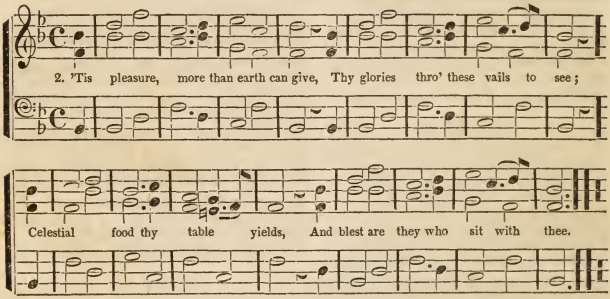
We, the productions of thy might,
The beings fashioned by thy love,
Look to thy throne of love and light,
And wait thy blessing from above.

Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old;
Inspire each soul with fervent pray'r;
To every mind thy truth unfold.

So shall thy people lift the voice,
And humbly bend the willing knee,—
And, while in grace their hearts rejoice,
Ascribe the praise and might to thee.



8. PLEYEL. L. M.



HYMN 19.

As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,—
Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn;
Thus swiftly fled *his* life away!

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom forever there.

He died to sin, and all its woes,
But for a moment felt the rod,—
On love's triumphant wing *he* rose,
To rest forever with *his* God!

HYMN 20.

Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys which cannot be expressed.

O fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make every spirit here possess,
And learn the height & breadth & length
Of thine unbounded love and grace.

Thus shall we rise, and live in thee,
Thou Life, and Light, and only Lord!
And thankful praise shall ever be
Our pleasing work, with one accord.

HYMN 21.

Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

They neither know nor trace the way;
But trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

My favored soul shall meekly learn,
To bow before thy holy throne;
And while thy wisdom I discern,
Embrace thee as my Guide alone.

HYMN 22.

My God! eternal is thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Kind Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield myself to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 23.

Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place,
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Would tempt me to desert thy door.

All needed grace wilt thou bestow,
And crown thy grace with glory too;
Thy favors thou wilt e'er impart,
To men of pure and upright heart.

O God our King, whose mighty sway,
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Shine forth in light, that evermore
Mankind thy mercy may adore.

HYMN 24.

Come, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
And fit us to approach our God;
May every feeling be refined,
In view of thy serene abode.

Thou hast imparted to each soul,
A living spark of holy fire;
And thou, with thy divine control,
Can'st fill us with devout desire.

Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Saviour see;
O breathe thy love in ev'ry heart,
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

HYMN 25.

Great God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with glowing praise.

My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Record the wonders of thy grace,
And speak of thy unbounded pow'r.

Thy love and might, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm;
No ill can reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm.

Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
With soothing sleep refresh my frame:
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 26.

Here in thy name, eternal God!
We build this earthly house for thee;
O choose it for thy blest abode,
And guard it long from error free.

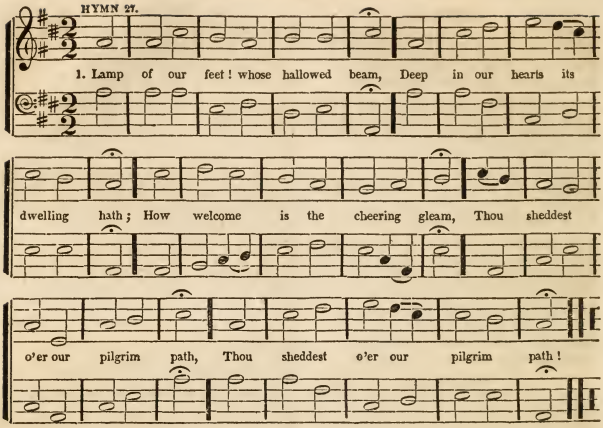
Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heav'n thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the pow'r of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

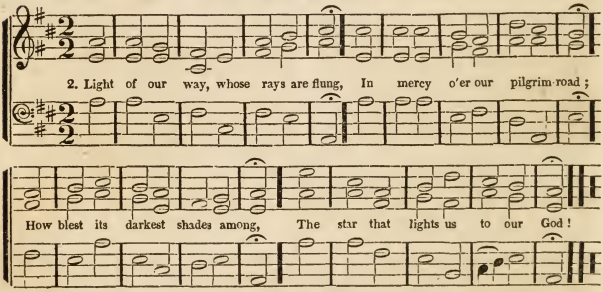
Here may thy doctrine drop like rain;
Here be thy love a constant guest;
Here may our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest.

Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not thou this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every soul set up thy throne.

9. MONMOUTH. L. M.



10. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



HYMN 28.

Ye mighty rulers of the land,
Give praise and glory to the Lord;
And while before his throne ye stand,
His great and wondrous deeds record.

O render unto God above,
The honors which to him belong;
And in the temple of his love,
Let worship flow from every tongue.

His voice is heard the earth around,
When thro' the heav'ns his thunders roll;
The troubled ocean hears the sound,
And yields itself to his control.

God on the floods has fixed his throne,
And he shall reign from shore to shore;
His lofty praise let men make known;
His peace shall bless them evermore.

HYMN 29.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy!
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is his command,
Vast as eternity his love;
Firm as a rock his truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 30.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo, what sudden joys we see,—
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

Break off your tears, ye saints, and say,
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he rose to endless day,
And led the tyrant Death in chains!

Say, Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the spoiler, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

HYMN 31.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed—my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
His might and wonders to proclaim.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
While lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMN 32.

With one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise,
And sing to him who gave us birth,
And light and life, the songs of praise.

He is our God, and he alone:
From him both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

He is the Lord—supremely good—
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

HYMN 33.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
The gains of earth I count but loss,
And feel the guilt and shame of pride.

Forbid, O God, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of thy dear Son;
By dying love attracted most,
By grace and truth may I be won.

HYMN 34.

Almighty and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendor none can bear;
But seraphs bow and veil their eyes,
When God unveils his glory there!

Yet faith can pierce the dark profound,
Thy realm of light and life to see,
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

O may our faith and hope and love,
Still live and glow in thy pure light;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Our Lord, our Portion, our Delight.

HYMN 35.

O Thou, whose arm of might surrounds,
Creation's wide and wondrous bounds;
This day thy people bend the knee,
And lift the voice, in praise, to Thee!

This nation Thou hast greatly blessed,
With freedom, peace and welcome rest
O may our hearts devoutly raise
To Thee the hymn of grateful praise.

Our fathers, in the days of yore,
Confessed Thy arm, and felt thy pow'r:
May we, from chains and bondage free,
With grateful hearts rejoice in Thee.

11. WINDHAM. L. M.

HYMN 36.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night;

Till we arrive at heav'n, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

12. WARD. L. M.

THE CHOIR.

2. The want of sight she well supplies, She makes the radiant gates ap-

pear; Far into spirit worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glories near.

13. HEBRON. L. M.

THE CHOIR.

3. Cheerful we tread the desert through, While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,

Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.

HYMN 37.

There is a pure and peaceful wave,
That issues from the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly courts above.

In living streams behold that tide
Through Christ the rock profusely burst;
And in his word, behold supplied
The fount for which our spirits thirst.

The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink
Beneath the sultry sky of time,
May here repose, and freely drink
The waters of that better clime.

And every soul may here partake
The blessings of the fount above;
And none who drink will e'er forsake
The crystal stream of boundless love.

HYMN 38.

Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

In every varied scene this day,
His hand has been my constant guide;
O may I ever love his way,
And in his gracious fear abide.

In hope I now recline to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
His ever-watchful eye will keep
A constant guard around my bed.

Faith in his love expels all fear
That his kind care will e'er depart;
When I awake, O may I hear
His still small voice within my heart.

HYMN 39.

With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name;
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.

Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance crowns his head,
And light and joy around are spread.

The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

Let nature change, and sink, and die,
On him our souls will still rely;
For, leaning on our Saviour's breast,
We claim the promise of his rest.

HYMN 40.

Affliction's faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and tearful eye;
With sackloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o'er her head.

But deem her not a child of earth;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth:
Beside the throne of God she stands,
To execute his wise commands.

The messenger of grace, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.

Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn,
And from her lips these accents steal,
God smites to bless, he wounds to heal.

HYMN 41.

Whilst far and wide thy scatter'd sheep,
Great Shepherd! in the desert stray;
Thy love, by some, is thought to sleep,
Unheedful of the wanderer's way.

But Truth declares—they shall be found,
Wherever now they darkling roam:
Thy voice shall thro' the desert sound,
And summon every wanderer home.

Upon the darker ways of sin,
Instead of terror's sword and flame,
Shall love descend—for love can win
Far more than terror can reclaim.

And they shall turn their wandering feet,
By grace redeem'd, by love controll'd,
Till all at last in Eden meet,
One happy, universal fold.

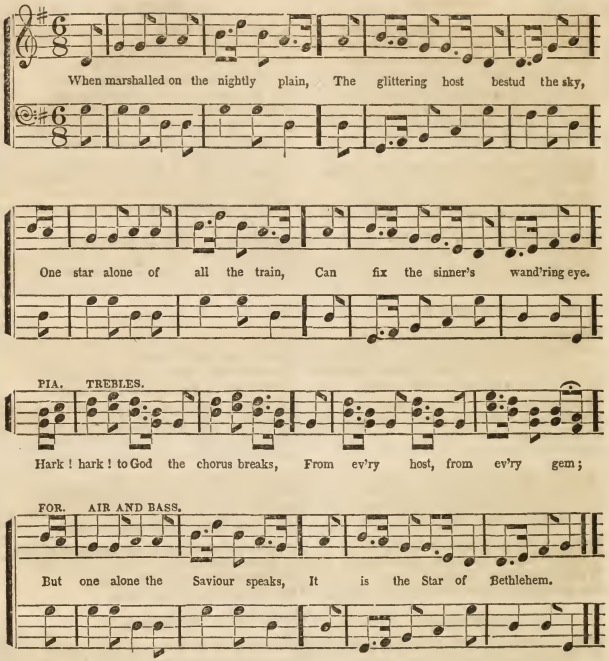
HYMN 42.

How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud—the morning dew—
The withering grass—the fading flow'r—
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the sky is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come,
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
Since God is ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.



HYMN 43.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the stormy seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my Guide, my Light, my All:
It made my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing beneath night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 44.

When dread misfortune's tempests rise,
And roar through all the darkened skies,
Where shall the anxious pilgrim gain
A shelter from the wind and rain?
Within the covert of thy grace,
O Lord, there is a hiding-place,
Where, unconcerned, we hear the sound,
Though storm and tempest rage around.

When, wandering o'er the desert bare
Of burning sands and sultry air,
We've sought the cheerless region thro',
But found no stream to meet our view,—
'Tis then, the rivers of thy love,
Descending from thy throne above,
Supply our wants, and soothe our pain,
And raise our fainting souls again.

When in a weary land we tire,
And our exhausted powers expire,
With toil, and care, and heat oppressed,
Where shall our languid spirits rest?
O, who could bear the blasting ray,
And all the burden of the day,
Did not a Rock in Zion stand,
O'ershading all this weary land!

HYMN 45.

The ransomed spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies.
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath struck the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel-band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to Love!

Earth, sea and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
It whispers to the bosom peace;—
Speak, thou Inspirer from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

HYMN 46.

Thou art the Way—and he who sighs
Amid this starless waste of woe
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow—
By thee must come, thou Gate of Love,
Thro' which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
Shines on thro' earthly blight and bloom;
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;
The light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go;
The word whose precious radiance flings
Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life—the blessed Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more.
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven;
Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

HYMN 47.

We bless the Lord, whose tender care,
Our lives and all we are, display;
Whose constant love shall still prepare
To guide us in the narrow way.
We bless the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose glorious rays shall never cease,
Whose ways are ways of pleasantness,
Whose sacred paths are paths of peace.

The cloudy pillar all the day
Shall guide us to the heavenly light,
While brighter glories shall display
Thy cheering presence through the night.
So let us learn where'er we go,
To yield obedience to thy call,
To seek thy footsteps here below,
And love thee as our All in All.

HYMN 48.

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
May we remember thou art good,
And with thy spirit be imbued;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow; - - - - Praise

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow;

Him, all creatures here be - low! Praise Him, all creatures here be - low!

Where He unveils His glories most, Where He unveils His glories most, O praise our

O praise our

God, ce - les - - tial host! O praise our God, ce - - les - tial host,

O praise our God, ce - les - tial host.

HYMN 49.

Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in thy word.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well thy sacred truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stand!

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 50.

Now we are met from different parts,
May heavenly love inspire our hearts;
May all we do be done in love,
Like those who meet to praise above.

May this a striking emblem be
Of that great meeting all shall see,
Where heavenly love tunes every chord,
In pure hosannas to the Lord.

O may we feel the kindling glow
Which ransomed spirits ever know;
In all we do, may we proclaim,
The praise of our Redeemer's name.

And when the scenes of life are o'er,
And we shall meet on earth no more,
In brighter scenes in realms above,
We'll sing the song of endless love.

HYMN 51.

Ye nations of the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your gracious King;
Lift up in praise your grateful voice,
And with the heart His glory sing.

The Lord is God, and He alone
Can life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep who on his pasture live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To render thanks and honors there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
From age to age, to all mankind,
His gracious favour shall endure.

HYMN 52.

Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

Our hearts are fixed on thee, O God!
We rest our hopes on thee alone;
We'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

HYMN 53.

Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born!
And joyous angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day.

Hark! what sweet music—what a song
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
What holy joy the sounds impart,
To every meek, believing heart!

Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high!
Let peace and love, from shore to shore,
Be known on earth for evermore!

HYMN 54.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

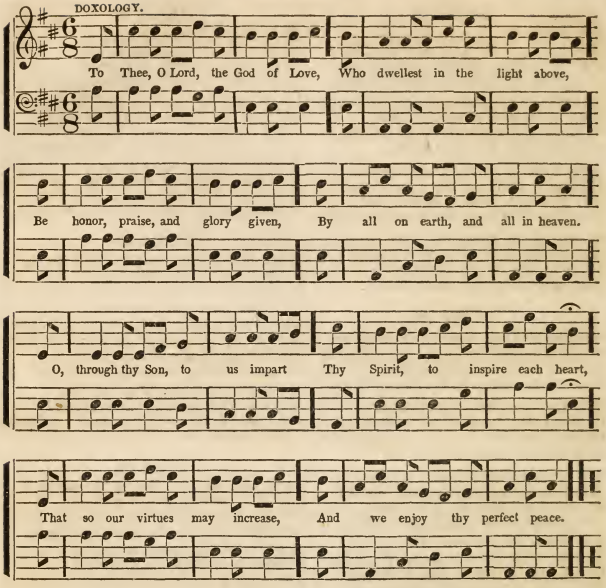
HYMN 55.

Triumphant, Lord, thy goodness reigns,
Throughout the wide celestial plains,
And its full streams redundant flow
In every realm of earth below.

Through nature's works its glories shine,
Displaying skill and love divine;
And in thy word, thy truth and grace,
All we can hope or feel, embrace.

The nations of the earth shall be,
Redeemed from sin and death by thee;
And stand accepted in thy sight,
Arrayed in robes of living light.

O give to every waiting heart
To taste and see how good thou art;
And may our lives in virtue prove
The mighty grace of endless love.



HYMN 56.

Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine,
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

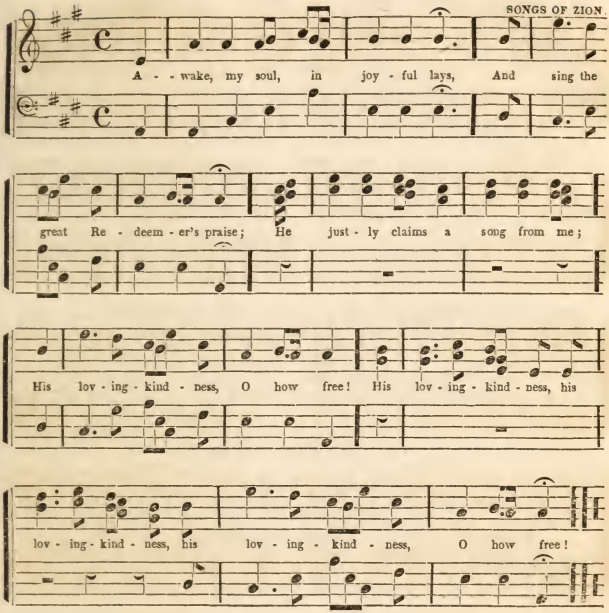
HYMN 57.

Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of all terrestrial things.

Beyond, beyond the starry sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where holy pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

Behold, behold the countless throng,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white!
They sing in joy the thrilling song,
And walk redeemed in love and light!

O may we here in heart and tongue,
Unite with that glad choir above,
And sing the everlasting song,
Of glory to the Fount of Love!



HYMN 58.

When all creation sings for joy,
Let praise our purest thoughts employ;
While notes of harmony resound,
Let not our tongues be silent found.

Triumphant songs of praise we owe,
To him whose glories round us glow;
To him who bids our sorrows cease,
And fills our souls with heavenly peace.

He guides us to refreshing streams;
Our wandering feet his love redeems:
By day, he cheers us with his light,
And gives us sweet commune by night.

Let all that dwell beneath the sky,
Unite with heavenly hosts on high,
To celebrate the wondrous plan,
Of peace on earth, good will to man!

HYMN 59.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, O how free!

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and sin, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O how good!

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

18. HOME. L. M.

HYMN 60.

1. E - - ter - - nal Source of life and thought, Be all be - neath thy - self for - got, Whilst Thee, great Pa - rent mind, we own, In pros - trate homage round thy throne.

19. PARIS. L. M.

2. O may we live be - fore thy face, The willing sub - jects of thy grace, And thro' each path of du - ty move, With filial awe and filial love.

HYMN 61.

Thy presence, ever-living God,
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;
And, when apart, we joy to share
Thy counsels and thy gracious care.

To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace:—
O, let thy face upon us shine;
Still guard and guide us, Lord, as thine.

Give us within thy house to raise
Again, united songs of praise;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
O may we meet around thy throne.

HYMN 62.

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and deed preside.

To us the light of truth display,
That we may know thy holy way;
With faith and love imbue each heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from his counsel stray;
And bless us in that peaceful road,
Which leads to peace and rest with God.

He is our home, and thou our guide
To realms where joy and light abide;
May all mankind be gathered there,
The bliss of holiness to share!

HYMN 63.

At thy command, O gracious Lord!
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy tokens here adorn the board,
To feed in faith thy every guest.

Our faith adores thy living grace,
And here attests thy dying love!
O may our souls our Lord embrace,
And bring his blessing from above!

We glory in thy precious name,
And count all else but worthless dross;
O may our every act proclaim,
The holy triumphs of the cross!

With joy we tell the scoffing world,
That thou art glorified above,
And bid them gladly see unfurl'd,
The banner of redeeming love!

HYMN 64.

O thou, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look thro' them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

HYMN 65.

Assembled here, a brother band,
Before thy face, O Lord, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

We meet, thro' distant lands to spread,
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

We meet to feel the kindling glow
Of heav'n in love on earth below;
O touch our lips with holy fire,
And all our thoughts with grace inspire.

We meet, O Lord! but we must part!
O may each waiting brother's heart,
Behold that world, all parting o'er,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 66.

Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise:—
His ways are just—his counsels wise.

A veil around his throne he draws;
His work performs—conceals the cause;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And age to age has still confessed
That what he does is ever best.

In him, my soul, repose thy trust,
For all his ways are wise and just;
And all his plans, in heav'n above
And earth below, are plans of love.

HYMN 67.

Spirit of peace! immortal Dove!
Here let thy gentle influence reign;
O fill my soul with heav'nly love,
And all the graces of thy train.

Not all the joys beneath the sky,
For which the sons of pleasure pine,
Could raise my tuneful song so high,
Or yield me comfort so divine.

Blest with thy presence, I could meet
All earthly woes in terror dressed;
Nor while I taste a joy so sweet,
One fear disturb my peaceful breast.

Spirit of peace! immortal Dove!
Here let thy gentle influence reign;
O fill my heart with heav'nly love,
And all the graces of thy train.

20. ALFRETON. L. M.

HYMN 68.

1. Blest Saviour! who didst condescend, Young children in thine arms to take;

May they in thee, their lov - ing Friend, Thy blessing and thy grace partake.

21. EFFINGHAM. L. M.

2. In all the slippery paths of youth, Be thou their guardian and their guide,

That they, di - rected by thy truth, May ever in thy love abide.

22. GERMANY. L. M.

3. To learn thy ways, their souls incline, And to their minds thy light impart;

O blessed Saviour! they are thine! Take full possession of each heart.

HYMN 69.

Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy tho'ts that roam abroad;
Let all the powers within me, join
In love and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
Whose love embraces all our race;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.

'Twas he who sent his blessed Son,
His gracious purpose to make known;
'Tis he whose pow'r will bring mankind
To light and peace, to bliss refined.

Let every land his truth embrace;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with joy incline,
To join in worship so divine.

HYMN 70.

O Lord, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thine illustrious name!
Through all the earth thy glories shine,
And all thy wondrous love proclaim.

From thee thy best-loved Son descends,
A mortal form awhile to wear;
Beneath the might of foes he bends,
Awhile their scorn and spite to bear.

But lo! thy power exalts him high!
To him a glorious name is given;
He lives! he lives, no more to die,
Thine image in the courts of heaven!

O Lord, our Lord, in Love divine,
Thy grace and truth our souls proclaim;
We joy to know thy wise design,
And ever laud thy glorious name.

HYMN 71.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
We welcome thee in Shiloh's name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust our Saviour does the same.

Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one Spirit to one Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

And tho' we pass thro' scenes of tears,
Where mingling joys & griefs are known,
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh may we all together meet,
Around the throne of light above.

HYMN 72.

There is a land where earthly woe,
And earthly sorrow, all shall cease;
No sin shall grieve, no tear shall flow,
In that sweet land of love and peace.

There is a sunless, starless sky,
And yet no darkness there is found;
Night cannot spread her canopy,
Where God's own glory shines around.

There is a home where friends shall meet,
And never, never part again;
And those who loved on earth, repeat
The vows they pledged in sorrow then.

That spirit-land shall ever bloom,
Grief from its clime be ever driven;
Immortal joys pervade that home—
That spirit land, that home is heaven.

HYMN 73.

Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But oh what mortal can proclaim,
The grace and glory of his name.

Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Unnumbered suns around him shine.

In every purpose and design,
His goodness and his wisdom shine;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
The mercy of his might proclaim.

Raised on devotion's holy wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glory sing;
And let his praise thy tongue employ
In one celestial song of joy.

HYMN 74.

Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring,
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom, light and love.

How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our tho'ts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand glowing charms unfold;
Earth, air, and seas and skies combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, oh! what tho't can trace!
Here mercy shines forever bright,
And wide displays the saving light!

23. LUTON. L. M.

HYMN 75.

1. The praise of Zion waits for thee, And praise be - comes thy house, O Lord; There shall thy saints thy glory see, And there their grateful vows record.

24. NEWRY. L. M.

2. O thou whose mercy bends the skies, To answer when thy people pray; All lands to thee shall lift their eyes, And ev'ry yielding heart obey.

25. CHAPEL STREET. L. M.

3. The willing nations yet shall run, To Zion's hill to own their Lord; The rising and the setting sun, Shall yet be - hold thy name adored.

HYMN 76.

Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Display his power, exalt his throne.

As rain on meadows newly mown
His spirit sends his blessings down:
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive amid his dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

HYMN 77.

Great God! and shall thy spirit rest,
In such a feeble heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
How great the favor! how divine!

When doubt prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope is ready to expire,—
Lord, may thy spirit then be here,
And faith renew, and hope inspire.

And when my raptured heart can say,
I feel thy power and taste thy grace,
Then shall I own thy gentle sway,
And thy redeeming truth embrace.

Let thy good spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart
The earnest of thy joys above.

HYMN 78.

O thou, at whose almighty word,
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays,
When shining with reflected light,—

So, in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

Whilst we thine image, there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

HYMN 79.

The holy Spirit sure is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope sink down and die,
And every cheering ray depart.

When some glad promise cheers my soul,
I hear thy precious, gracious voice,
And, yielding to its sweet control,
My heart and all my powers rejoice.

Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my soul aspires,
It is not less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires.

Not less than thy redeeming word
Can raise me up from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, O Lord,
My life, my treasure and my trust!

HYMN 80.

Great Source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
And crown'd with mercies, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

Thy gracious hand restores our breath,
When verging to the shades of death;
It gently wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

Our lives are thine, O loving Lord!
By thee upheld, by thee restored;
And while the hours renew their race,
We still would walk before thy face.

So when our souls by thee are led
Through regions of the silent dead,
Thou wilt confer the light and love,
Of life and truth in realms above.

HYMN 81.

Go, worship at our Saviour's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too barren to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There Christ displays his powers abroad,
And shines, and reigns the Son of God.

Not earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

26. BLENDON. L. M.

HYMN 82.

1. Our God, we bow be - fore thy feet, And here our hymns of praise repeat;

We joy in faith to see thy face, Unveil'd in our Re - deem - er's grace.

27. ARNHEIM. L. M.

SONGS OF ZION.

2. O may we love thee, and a - dore, With hopes and joys unknown before;

And bid the world and care begone, While we surround thy gracious throne.

28. GREEN. L. M.

3. Our souls renewed would here aspire To ev'ry holy, just desire;

And pray for light and wisdom's sway, To lead us in thy chosen way.

HYMN 83.

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of deep distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God—
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our every raging fear controls;—
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

HYMN 84.

On God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
At his command, the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day.

Seasons and times obey his voice;
And evening and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth refreshed with show'rs,
Laden with fruit & crown'd with flow'rs.

The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The plains resound with praises meet,
And hills and vales the song repeat.

Thy works proclaim thy power divine:
O'er nature wide thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear,
And blessings crown the rolling year.

HYMN 85.

The rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both in their turns thy power display,
And, laden with thy gifts, rejoice.

Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich, diffusive blessings flow.

Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares,
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's prayers.

Here, spreading flocks adorn the plain;
There, plenty every charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

HYMN 86.

Great God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which, supported still, we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guided by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

HYMN 87.

Through every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account,
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

HYMN 88.

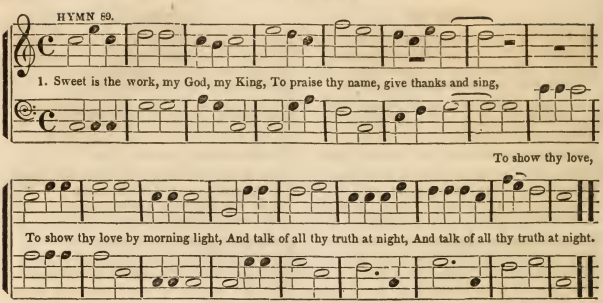
Father of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While, with a grateful heart, we share
These pledges of our Master's care.

The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Bestowed his gifts on men below,
And wide his gracious bounties flow.

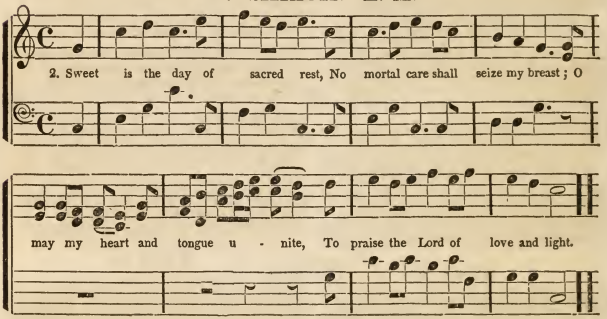
So shall a bright succession run,
Till the last courses of the sun;
And churches rise, and souls rejoice,
In tidings of the still small voice.

Our Saviour, Lord, their hearts shall know,—
The Spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
And walk rejoicing in his ways.

29. BRIDGEWATER. L. M



30. SHILOH. L. M.



VERSES 3, 4, 5.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and ways and word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine,
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace refines my longing heart;
For then in spirit I shall feel
The blessing of celestial zeal.

When shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In an unfading world of joy.

HYMN 90.

I love the Lord, I love his cause,
I love his just and holy laws,
I love his word, I love his ways,
I love to hear and sing his praise.

He gives me life, he gives me peace,
And bids all jarring discord cease,
Removes my doubts and calms my fears,
And kindly dries affliction's tears.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
I'll praise him in bright worlds above,
Where all is harmony and love.

HYMN 91.

Father of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which o'er the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.

Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet thousands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, reject thy grace.

Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

HYMN 92.

Awake the song that gave to earth
Salvation in Immanuel's birth!
Angelic tongues the strain began,—
'Twas peace on earth, good will to man.

Celestial peace! and is it ours
To strike the harp on Salem's towers!
To welcome back the dove that brings
The balm of healing in her wings!

She comes! and, lo, the orphan's wail
No longer loads the passing gale;
Contentment sheds her sacred calm,
And nature owns the sovereign balm.

She comes! and banner, spear, and plume,
That led to conquest and the tomb,
Wreathed with the olive, now adorn
The triumph of salvation's morn.

HYMN 93.

O God, our Father and our King,
Of all we have or hope the spring,
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm our hearts with holy love.

With pity let our hearts o'erflow,
When we behold another's woe;
And bear a sympathizing part,
With all who are of heavy heart.

Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
And thus may we thy children prove,
The objects of thy boundless love.

HYMN 94.

Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's gracious Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
To sing the wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
The brightest of the host above,
To labour in these scenes of night,
To conquer by the power of love!

Deep in the shades of earthly gloom,
Slain by his foes, the Saviour lay!
But, life renewed, he burst the tomb,
And rose to everlasting day!

And now amid the heavenly host,
Around him ranks of angels bow!
He who was slain, is honored most,
And crowns adorn the Saviour's brow.

HYMN 95.

Spirit of bright, expanded wing,
Brood o'er the chaos of the mind;
Thy purest pleasures hither bring,
And fill the soul with joy divine.

In paradise thy charms were known,
When first the morning stars appeared,
When light upon creation shone,
And all the vale of Eden cheered.

Thy birth was in that fountain clear,
Which issues from the throne above,
Where Mercy stoops our plaints to hear,
Where flow the streams of sacred love.

Benevolence, thy smile imparts
The sweetest joys to mortals given;
Refines, directs, restrains our hearts,
And cheers us with the bliss of heaven.

HYMN 96.

O thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
O prove my heart; it pants for thee,
O burst its bands, and set it free!

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light and thou my way;
No foes, no danger will I fear,
If thou, my Father, wilt be near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Thy timely aid do thou impart,
To raise my head and cheer my heart.

O let thy name support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
Where toil and pain, and grief shall cease
Where all is calm, and all is peace.

31. ANTIGUA. L. M.

HYMN 67.

1. Zi - on, awake! thy strength re new, Put on the robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God, a- rise and shine, In beams of grace and truth divine.

32. QUITO. L. M.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream a - - far, The radiance of the morn - ing star; And nations see, with pure delight, The glory of thy heav'nly light, The glory of thy heav'nly light.

HYMN 98.

When doubts and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Since thou art mine, my living Lord,
My hope, my comfort cannot die!
'Tis fixed on thine eternal word,—
Thereon in faith will I rely.

Since my immortal Saviour lives,
My ground of hope is firm and sure;
His word a strong foundation gives,
And ever steadfast shall endure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
For ever sure the promise stands:
Not all the powers of sin and hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
Since thou art his, and Christ is thine,
Not death itself, the last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN 99.

Soon may the glorious song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies,—
That song of triumph which records,
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

Let every tongue and nation be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over sea, and isle and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host in triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

HYMN 100.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see,
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

This blessing oft my soul would know,
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that mocking lips may say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The truth and precepts of thy word,
That I may love thy law the more,
And serve thee better than before.

With holy thoughts and scenes divine,
Fill up this longing heart of mine,
That faithful I may ever be,
To all the laws derived from thee.

4 *

HYMN 101.

Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne
All heaven in ceaseless worship waits;
Whose glory fills the worlds unknown;
Praise ye the Lord, from Zion's gates.

With mingling souls and voices join,
To him the swelling anthem raise;
Repeat his name with joy divine,
And fill the temple with his praise.

All-gracious God, to thee we owe
Each joy and blessing time affords;
Light, life, and health, and all below,
Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords.

Thine be the praise, for thine the love,
That freely all our sins forgave,
Pointed our dying eyes above,
And showed us life beyond the grave.

Immortal life! this thought disarms
The terrors of our mortal shore;
It brings to view eternal charms,
When other comforts are no more.

HYMN 102.

Now to the Lord who built the skies,
Let grateful songs of praise arise;
By every tribe and every tongue,
Now be his grace in concert sung.

Far as the rolling planets move,
He spreads his mercy and his love;
The tokens of his truth sublime,
Are stamp'd on every land and clime.

So let his praises be expressed,
From north to south, from east to west,
And every heart that love adore,
Which reigns and rules for evermore.

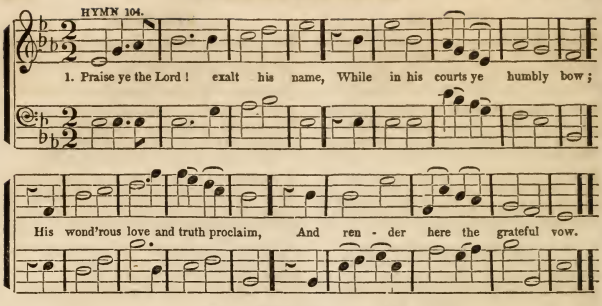
HYMN 103.

My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O Lord, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

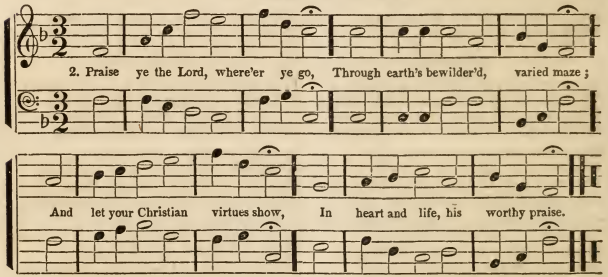
I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign the monarch of my breast.

O bid each trifling thought retire,
And drive each low desire away;
With thy blest love my heart inspire,
To guide and rule me all the day.

And to thy courts, when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy grace declare,
And join the strains that angels sing,



34. WELLS. L. M.



HYMN 105.

When Jesus, our Redeemer, came
To teach us in his Father's name,
His heart with kindness overflowed,
And love in all his actions glowed.

So let our hearts and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works of virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

So shall we best the grace display
Of love's subduing, kindling ray;
And feel, in truth's celestial birth,
That heaven may be enjoyed on earth.

So shall we best succeed to win
The erring from the ways of sin,
And prove, in purpose and in plan,
Co-workers of the Son of Man.

HYMN 106.

Ye sons of men, with joy record
The wonder-workings of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
To earth's extended, utmost bound.

The radiant heavens the song invite,
In all their realms of living light;
And earth responds with grateful voice,
While air and sea in Him rejoice.

But earth and sky, and sea and air,
In hymns of praise will not compare
With holy strains of joy above,
In God's own realm of light and love.

On wings of faith, O may we soar
To see and hear, and then adore,
In that undimmed, unfading clime
Of holiness and truth sublime.

HYMN 107.

Shout, for the great Redeemer reigns!
Thro' distant lands his triumph spread;
Forever firm his grace remains,
And light and truth around are shed.

O may his conquests still increase,
Till every knee in meekness bends,
And every heart enjoys the peace
Which all the joys of earth transcends.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In songs of triumph laud his name,
In strains as lasting as his love.

HYMN 108.

Eternal God! we bless thy name,
And loud thy gracious 'ove proclaim;
The tokens of thy friendly care,
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amidst unnumbered deaths we stand,
And see, amid thy various ways,
Unnumbered monuments of praise.

Thus far thy hand has led us on—
Thus far we make thy mercies known,
And blessings yet for us in store,
Will claim our thanks for evermore.

Lord, may the love conferred by thee,
A quick'ning power of virtue be,
That so the light of life may shine,
A token of thy grace divine.

HYMN 109.

Jèsus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His realm extend from shore to shore,
Till time and all its scenes are o'er.

For this shall constant prayer be made;
For this his truth shall be displayed;
And songs of joy and praise be heard,
For blessings by his grace conferred.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains:
The weary find a peaceful rest,
And every longing soul is blest.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and its sting are known no more;
And darkest shadows flee away
Before his truth's celestial ray.

O may our lives in virtue show
The reign of Shiloh here below,
That we may feel the glowing love
Of hosts redeemed, in worlds above.

HYMN 110.

Once more, O Lord, let grateful praise
In songs of joy to thee ascend;
Thou art the Guardian of our days,
Our first and best and changeless Friend.

Since every day and every hour,
With mercy has been richly crowned,
Thy love and wisdom, grace and power,
Will evermore to us abound.

Hear, then, our parting hymn of praise,
And bind our hearts in love divine;
O may we walk in wisdom's ways,
And ever feel that we are thine.

HYMN 111.

Within thy house, O Lord our God,
In all thy glorious love appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy holy blessings here.

When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy spirit, Lord, to us impart,
And may thy gospel's joyful sound,
With might divine reach every heart.

Here may the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the contrite peaceful rest;
May Shiloh here triumphant reign,
And be by every soul confessed.

Here may the voice of humble joy,
In faith and hope and love arise,
Till higher strains our hearts employ
In thine own kingdom in the skies.

HYMN 112.

O bless our God, ye nations round;
Ye sons of men, adore his name;
Let shouts of joy through earth resound,
And every tongue his love proclaim.

Redemption claims the song of joy!
Loud thro' the land let triumph ring!
Let praise be our divine employ,
And pure the sacrifice we bring.

Shout to the Lord! adoring own
The works his holy arm displays;
His mighty hand has plainly shown
The grace and truth of all his ways.

Low at the cross the world shall bow,
All nations shall its blessings prove,
And every kindred yet shall know
The mercies of redeeming love.

O bless our God, ye nations round;
Ye sons of men, adore his name;
Let shouts of joy through earth resound,
And every tongue his love proclaim.

HYMN 113.

1. All power and grace to God belong; He is my strength, and he my song: He comes, our Saviour, from his throne, He comes, our Saviour, from his throne, He comes to make sal - va - tion known, He comes to make sal - va - tion known.

36. DERBY. L. M.

2. For us he conquers though he dies! Behold the migh - ty Sa - - - viour rise; His saints with him the tri - umph claim, And shout salvation to his name, And shout salvation to his name. And shout salvation to his name,

HYMN 114.

No change of time shall ever shock
My firm reliance, Lord, on thee;
For thou hast always been my Rock,
And evermore my Hope shalt be.

Thou our Deliverer art, O God!
Our trust is in thy gracious power;
Thou art our Shield from foes abroad,
At home our Fortress and our Tower.

To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
For in thy ever-watchful care,
We rest secure from every foe.

O may thy mercy be adored
In every age and every clime;
And every heart confess thee Lord,
Throughout the lapse of varied time.

HYMN 115.

From every stormy wind that blows—
From every swelling tide of woes—
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides more sweet—
It is the Saviour's mercy-seat.

There is a place where spirits blend,
Communing with a common Friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around his blessed mercy-seat.

O let my hand forget its skill,
My tongue in death be cold and still,—
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the MERCY-SEAT.

HYMN 116.

The glittering heaven's refulgent glow,
And sparkling spheres of golden light,
Jehovah's work and glory show,
By burning day or gentle night.

In silence through the vast profound,
They move their orbs of fire on high,
Nor speech, nor word, nor answering sound
Is heard upon the tranquil sky.

Yet to the earth's remotest bar,
Their burning glory all is known;
Their living light has sparkled far,
And on th' attentive silence shone.

By sunny ray and starry throne,
The wonders of our mighty Lord,
To man's attentive heart are known,
Bright as the promise of his word.

HYMN 117.

Lord, thou hast searched & seen me thro':
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

HYMN 118.

For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

O thou, who to our humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
For thou wilt cleanse the guilty stain,
And wash away the crimson dye.

Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
While we at humbler distance taste
The vast delight thy worship gives.

HYMN 119.

Eternal source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy presence we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy will asserts supreme control:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The changing seasons all confess
Thy gracious care mankind to bless;
Thy works, and word, and all thy ways,
Invite our hearts to grateful praise.

Lord, in this house, may we appear
To hail thee Sovereign of the year,
Till we unite, with angel bands,
In thy own house not made with hands.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him all creatures here be - low: Where he unveils his glories most, O praise the Lord, ce - les - tial host; Where he un - veils his glo - ries most, O praise the Lord, ce - les - tial host.

HYMN 120.

Far as Creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies with thy glory blend;
To thee, O Lord, thy works shall raise
A chorus of unceasing praise,
While saints to thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.

They sing the glories of thy name,
And feel within the vital flame;
And while thy wisdom they admire,
To know thy love their hearts aspire;
Thy love, O Lord, thy holy love,
Is heaven below, is heaven above!

To every soul of all our race,
Do thou reveal thy wondrous grace;
And may thy mercy thousands win
From ways of error and of sin;—
May faith and hope and love increase,
And fill the earth with joy and peace.

HYMN 121.

[In L. M. hymns, when sung in the above music, repeat the last two lines of each verse.]

Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

O God! my heart is fully bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, in songs of ardent praise.

Thy praises shall, O Lord, resound
To all the tribes and nations round;
Thy love the highest heaven transcends,
And deeper than our sins extends.

Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

HYMN 122.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

Though, in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 123.

All-hail, Almighty power divine!
Great cause of all, support, and end!
Thy works display supreme design,
Where love, and light, and wisdom blend.
Revolving worlds thy laws obey,
In all their bright and grand array.

Thy wisdom led a faithful band
From stern oppression's iron rod,
To people this, then desert, land,
In freedom here to worship God;
And thou wert with them, in thy pow'r,
To bless them in the trying hour.

Our Father's God—be ours the same:
Still grant us thy protecting care;
They knelt to bless thy hallowed name,
For mercies which we freely share.
Secure to us, with blessings fraught,
The freedom they so dearly bought.

May Freedom here forever dwell;
Columbia's hills and vales rejoice,
And generations rise to tell
Where first they heard her cheering voice:
And may thy love to each impart
The freedom of the pure in heart.

HYMN 124.

Arrayed in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heaven's effulgent bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below.
How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!

Good-will henceforth to man be given,
The light of glory beams on earth:
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints rejoice in Shiloh's birth:
In him all nations shall be blest,
And his shall be a glorious rest.

HYMN 125.

Believers in the holy Lord!
O bless him for his sacred word—
The gracious word to mortals given,
A token of the love of heaven:
The teachings of the spirit's voice,
Therein invite us to rejoice.

That precious word! O may we learn
Its sacred blessings to discern,
And with the mind the truth believe,
And with the heart its grace receive.
So shall our lives a comment prove
On pure religion's holy love.

HYMN 126.

I know that my Redeemer lives!
What joy this blest assurance gives!
He lives! he lives! who once was slain!
He lives! for evermore to reign!

He lives! he ever reigns above!
He lives to bless us with his love!
He lives our longing souls to feed;
He lives to help in time of need.

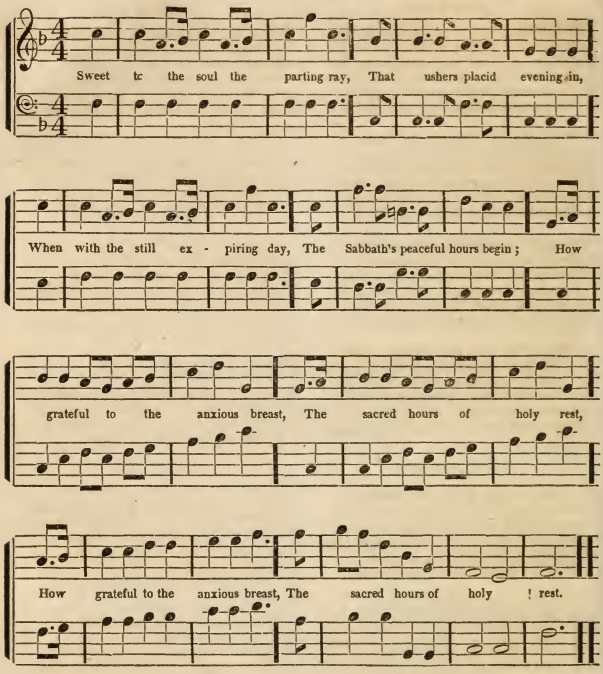
He lives a mansion to prepare:
He lives to guide us safely there:
Be this our theme of joyous faith,
He lives, and we shall conquer death.

HYMN 127.

Shine forth in splendor, holy Lord,
And let thy power attend thy word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
In all the glories of thy grace.

Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known the mighty God;
So shall thy people joy in thee,
And thou by them shalt honored be.

May sin, and woe, and error cease,
And man enjoy Messiah's peace:
So may salvation's light display,
The joyous scenes of wisdom's way.



HYMN 128.

Sweet to the soul the parting ray,
  That ushers placid evening in,
When with the still expiring day,
  The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast,
The sacred hours of holy rest!

I love the blush of vernal bloom,
  When morning gilds night's sullen tear,
And dear to me the mournful gloom
  Of Autumn, Sabbath of the year:
But purer pleasures, joys sublime,
Await the dawn of holy time.

Hushed is the tumult of this day,
  And worldly cares and business cease;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
  To hymn the glad return of peace.
O season blest! O moment given,
To turn the vagrant thoughts to heav'n.

Oft as this hallowed hour shall come,
  O raise my tho'ts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
  On living faith's immortal wings—
Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal SABBATH DAY.

HYMN 129.

The day is past, and toils and cares
Are ended with the setting sun;
And now, O Lord, our grateful prayers
We bring to thee, thou blessed One.
To thee we come with hearts sincere,
And worship at thine altar here.

Thine, Father, thine is all the day,
Its morning smiles, its noontide light,
Its closing beauties, which delay
The coming of the glorious night:
All, all is thine: in tenderness,
Thy mercies all thy children bless.

We come to thank thee for thy care;
Thy goodness over us hath cast
A sure defence from every snare,
And dangers, of the day now past.
We bless thee for thy favors given,
For all the promises of heaven.

Father, we ask thy blessing still—
Preserve us through the shades of night,
And bring us, if it be thy will,
To share in joy to-morrow's light.
We know, while stars their vigils keep,
That Thou, O Lord, wilt never sleep.

HYMN 130.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

HYMN 131.

The week is past! its latest ray
Is vanished with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,
Its now departed hours to clasp,
As to recall that moment bright,
When first creation sprung to light.

The week is past! and has it brought
Some beams of truly soothing thought?
And has it left some memory dear
Of heavenly raptures rested here?
Or has it winged its flight in vain,
Not to be enjoyed by us again!

O who would sigh for its return,
Again therein to weep and mourn!
The moments as they onward flow,
Abridge the term of human woe;
And bring us nearer to the scenes
Where sorrows end and heaven begins.

HYMN 132.

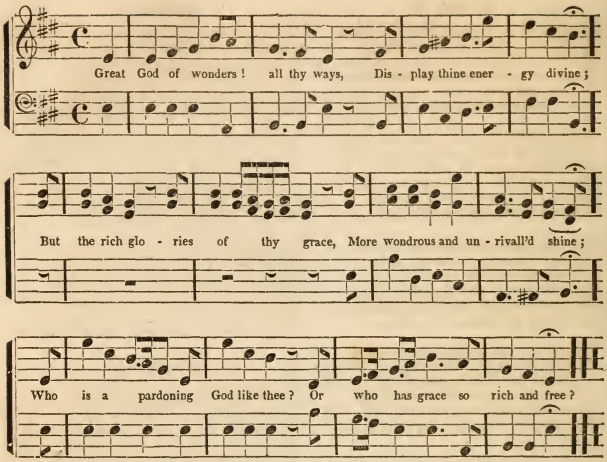
There is a star whose gentle ray,
Forever shines serenely bright,
And beams upon the Christian's way
To bless him with its holy light.
From the eternal throne it gleams,
And sheds on man its radiant beams.

When on life's stormy sea we ride,
When all is dark, and all is drear,
When fearful swells the foaming tide,
Oh then its blessed rays appear,
And gently shed the light of love,
And lift the tearful eye above!

'Tis Christian Hope, the sweetest star
That lights the pilgrim's onward way,
And points to glorious joys afar,
The joys of everlasting day.
It dissipates the gathering gloom
That frowns around the opening tomb.

O give me this in every hour
Of deep, desponding, chilling fear;
O let me feel its heavenly power,
The weariness of woe to cheer.
Then earth's delusive dreams depart,
And Christian Hope sustains the heart.

Far better is this light divine,
This sure and steadfast hope in heaven,
Than honours which deceitful shine,
By earthly fame or glory given.
Though winds arise, and billows roll,
Hope is the anchor of the soul!



HYMN 133.

Great God of wonders! all thy ways
Display thine energy divine;
But the rich glories of thy grace,
More wondrous and unrivalled shine.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Angels and men resign their claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name,
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
In thy great mercy we believe;
Nor pain nor sorrow can destroy
The peace that we in faith receive.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

O may thy rich, thy boundless grace,
Thy universal, changeless love,
Fill the wide earth with songs of praise,
And gladden angel-hosts above.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

HYMN 134.

O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Not where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well:

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled.

To thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

HYMN 135.

Great God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected powers:
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

The word of life dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast:
May every ear the call obey;
Be every heart an humble guest;
May every mind thy truth believe,
And every soul thy grace receive.

Thy spirit's powerful aid impart;
O may thy word, with light divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 136.

Thou art, almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow—
Such floods of glory from thee flow.

No mortal hand may dare to paint
A semblance of thy glory, Lord:
The brightest rainbow tints are faint;
The brightest stars of heaven afford
But dim effusions of those rays
Of light that round Jehovah blaze.

The sun himself is but a gleam,
A transient meteor. from thy throne;
And every frail and fickle beam
That ever in creation shone,
Is nothing, Lord, to thee compared,
As thou art in thy word declared.

But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
This most thy name must elevate,—
Thou art, O Lord, a God of love;
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

HYMN 137.

When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
O chase the clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my Counsellor and Friend;
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
O be thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from the gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 138.

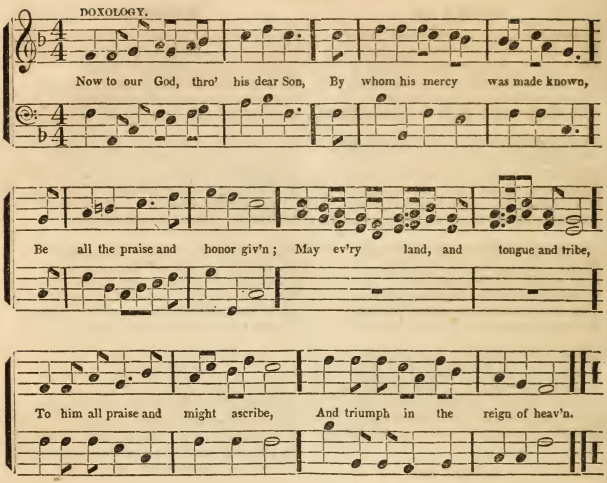
O Thou whose glory fills all space,
And clothes with beauty earth and sky,
Whose presence lights up nature's face,
With kindling splendors from on high;
To thee all heaven their songs of praise,
In holy joy unceasing raise.

Shine on our hearts with thy rich love,
Make known the honors of thy name,
Send down thy mercies from above,
And let us feel thy spirit's flame,
While we this house an offering bring,
And consecrate it to our King.

This temple, Lord, O deign to own,
Accept it as the place of prayer!
Fill it with glory from thy throne,
And bless thy waiting children here:
Let truth divine its courts adorn,
And countless souls to bliss be born.

Here may salvation freely flow,
And hope her radiant pinions plume;
Here may our hearts with ardor glow,
And thy free grace our souls illume:
May all, O Lord, who here shall kneel,
Their Saviour's gracious presence feel.

To God our Father, through his Son,
By whom salvation was made known,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.



HYMN 139.

Great God, the universal frame
Declares the glory of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine—
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, in robes of splendor drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker, God;
All nature joins him in the praise:
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

HYMN 140.

How precious, Lord, thy holy word!
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids our steps to stray;
Thy promise leads the heart to rest.

Thy law monition kind supplies,
And warns us where our danger lies;
While gospel-truth and grace divine
Inspire the heart with filial love,
Exalt and fix our hopes above,
And make the willing spirit thine.

Forth from the precepts of thy law,
What perfect rules of life we draw!
Be these our study and delight;
May every deed, and word, and thought,
To truth and duty's standard brought,
Become well-pleasing in thy sight.

O may thy word those faults reveal
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain.

HYMN 141.

Let all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a psalm of lofty praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let all people know,
His wonders to all nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

He fram'd the world, and form'd the sky,
With all the shining orbs on high,
And reigns in might and glory there;
His beams are beams of life and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temples how divinely fair!

O haste the hour, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And all the nations love his name:
Then shall the reign of terror cease,
And faith shall bring rejoicing peace,
Where men the grace of God proclaim.

HYMN 142.

The hills and dales lift up their voice;
Earth calls aloud, rejoice, rejoice,
In love the Lord Almighty reigns;
In him creation stands secure;
The hills and mountains still endure,
And flowers adorn the humble plain.

The dashing waves as round they roll,
From arctic to antarctic pole,
In foaming surges lift their voice;
They circling round the earth proclaim,
That Love is His eternal name,
And call aloud, rejoice, rejoice.

Day calls to day, and night to night,
And darkness calls aloud to light,—
Light calls to all the orbs above;
They circling round, aloud declare,
To all th' inhabitants of air,
That God's eternal name is Love.

Shall man be mute? nay, join the song;
Exulting sing—the strain prolong,
Nor ever let it have an end;
While time endures, will we proclaim,
That Love is his eternal name,
And he the Universal Friend.

When earth and seas and light and air,
No more this sacred truth declare,
In joyous strains we'll sing above,
While we behold his glorious face,
And feel the spirit of his grace,
That his eternal name is Love.

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HYMN 143.

Repeat the first and third lines.

Brethren, beloved for Shiloh's sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake,
The joys which he alone can give.

May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above,
Make our communion pure and sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise;
We but desire to speak of him,
And of his holy word and ways.

Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder and adore;
Then hasten on, the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 144.

To thee my heart, eternal King,
Would now its thankful tribute bring;
To thee its humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy sacred word I trace
The richest glories of thy grace.

There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the troubled conscience peace;
Exalts our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

For grace like this, O may our song
Thro' endless years thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more!

HYMN 145.

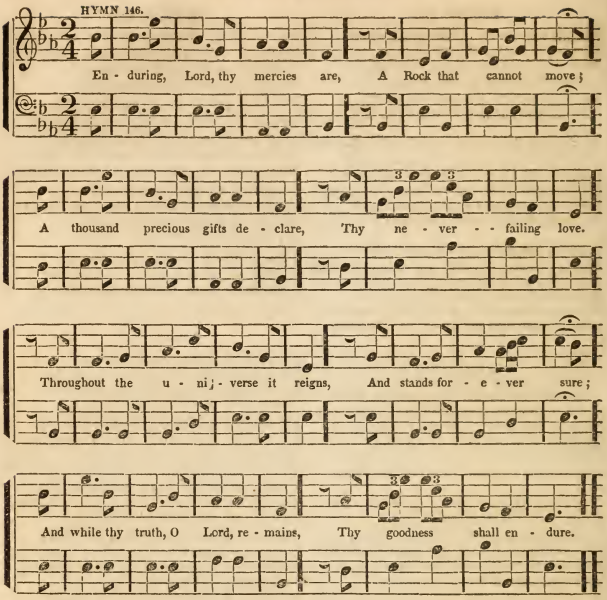
O for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From that high realm of endless day,
Where Christ our lov'd Redeemer reigns.

There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful transport own
That he alone is Lord of all.

There, all the ransomed of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir
O may the joy-inspiring theme,
Awaken every pure desire!

Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
Our prospect of that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thee face to face.

41. BRATTLE STREET. C. M.



HYMN 147.

Awake ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high!
Awake, and praise the wondrous love
That shows salvation nigh.

Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then gladly view each closing day,
And each revolving year.

Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories are revealed
To our admiring eyes.

Let time still speed its rapid course,
And nature pass away;
Fast as they bring the night of death,
They bring eternal day.

HYMN 148.

Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand grateful lips still join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

HYMN 149.

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 150.

Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!

Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest,
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With waving grain, the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Shiloh's grace are given;
And children of the earth are blessed,
As heirs of bliss in heaven.

Thy mercy, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!

HYMN 151.

Hail, great Creator—wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, in all her varied scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders meet our view;
And as we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

Thy glory beams in every star
That gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn,
With rays of cheering light.

The lofty hill—the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove—the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

O may these ever-varied scenes
Our serious thoughts engage;
And may our grateful hearts perceive
Thy works' instructive page!

And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy boundless love we see;
O may our every thought be led,
Through nature up to thee!

HYMN 152.

Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of ardent praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind in all his ways.

All nature owns his guardian care,
Around, beneath, above;
But grace and truth still more declare
The wonders of his love.

He sent his Son, the world to save,
Nor ever to condemn;
Despised of men, he still forgave,
Nor ever injured them.

To him, O Lord, in faith we come,
For here our hope relies;
In him we find a peaceful home
When storms of trouble rise.

Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
And thou their true and constant guard,
For evermore wilt be.

O Lord, to thy unbounded love
What honors shall we raise!
Not all the raptured songs above,
Can render equal praise!

42. ARLINGTON. C. M.

HYMN 153.

1. In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there re - veals;

To heav'n your joy and wonder raise, For there his glory dwells.

43. PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

2. Let all your sacred passions move, While you proclaim his deeds;

But the great work of saving love, Your highest praise exceeds.

44. ROCHESTER. C. M.

3. All that have motion, life, or breath, Proclaim your Maker blest;

Yet when my voice ex - pires in death, My soul shall praise him best.

HYMN 154.

O happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
The mercies of his living word,
Their every fear expel.

To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
To them, the tokens of his power,
In heavenly grace appear.

In every scene his presence cheers,
And makes each burden light;
He kindly wipes away their tears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

O may our souls supremely prize
These tokens of his love:
Till he shall bid our spirits rise,
To worship him above.

HYMN 155.

Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis there I find a safe retreat,
When storms of sorrows rise.

My hope in thee can never die,
Since thou art ever near;
Thy grace can hush each rising sigh,
And banish every fear.

My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart,
And ever may thy faithful word
Be precious to my heart.

O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me feel thy kindling love
Before thy mercy-seat.

HYMN 156.

Lord, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bids my soul adore.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak thy hand divine.

The living tribes of countless forms
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhaustless Spring of good!

HYMN 157.

What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display:
It makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 158.

Shine forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are in thy presence lost.

To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill;
True science is to learn his name,
True life, to do his will.

For this I long, for this I pray;
This let me still pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

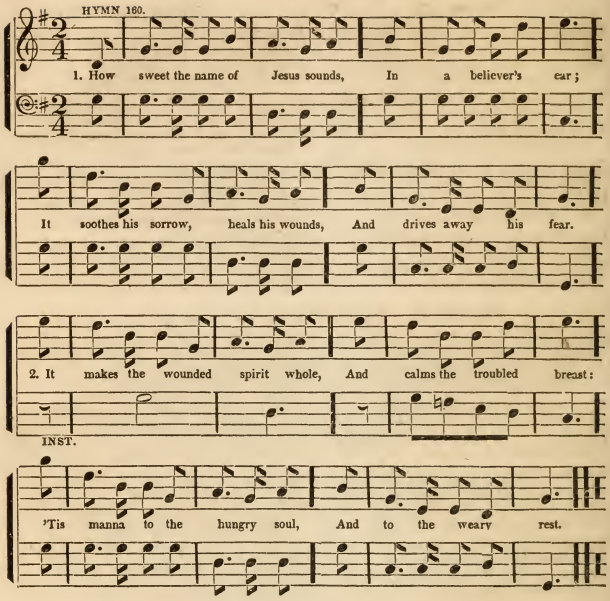
HYMN 159.

Although no flowers the fig-tree bear,
And vines their fruit deny;
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply.

Though from the fold, in sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:

Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love:
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

He is the treasure of my soul,
My source of lasting joy;
A joy, which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.



Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 161.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

The coldness we deplore shall melt,
In heaven's redeeming fire;
And holiness and grace be felt
In each renewed desire.

HYMN 162.

Joined in a union firm and strong,
No foe our ranks can break;
To victory we press along,
And glorious warfare make.
Darkness recedes, and sin shall die,
Before our banners spread;
And foes of peace around us lie,
Or far away have fled.

Our fervent prayers shall still prevail
Against a host of sins;
And angels every Christian hail
Whose love a conquest wins.
This warfare then let us pursue:
The van our Captain leads;
Each conflict shall our strength renew,
To other glorious deeds.

Then let our ranks, more closely joined,
With shield and buckler stand;
A kingdom we at last shall find,
The promised spirit-land.
Let all, with harmony of voice,
In lofty praises join;
Let every soul in Christ rejoice,
With rapture all divine.

The kindling flame begins to glow,
Each heart grows warm with love;
And we enjoy, on earth below,
The bliss of heaven above!
O thus forever may we feel,
And evermore display
Devotion's pure and holy zeal,
In Shiloh's chosen way.

HYMN 163.

My God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft and yet how strong!
For power, and truth, and grace combine,
To draw our souls along.

When crushed beneath the heavy yoke
Of folly and of sin,
Thy hand our iron bondage broke,
Our grateful hearts to win.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
Thy mercy takes away;
Thy promise, when the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

Drawn by such chords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet,
And freemen in the bonds of love,
Our songs of joy repeat.

HYMN 164.

Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds,
To sing what God hath done.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which gospel grace hath given;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

What though the northern winds arise,
And howl around our cot;
Or though beneath the southern skies,
Be cast our earthly lot:
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
The Saviour's grace hath given,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which love divine hath given;
The hope when life and time are o'er,
We all shall meet in heaven.

No hope deferred, no parting sigh,
That blessed meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
It is the hope, the precious hope,
Which boundless grace hath given:
The hope when time shall be no more,
We all shall meet in heaven.

HYMN 165.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners in that spirit-flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Dear, dying Lamb, thy vital grace
Shall never lose its power;
Nor shall it rest till all our race
Are blest for evermore!

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming grace has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

And when my pilgrim course is o'er,
In fairer worlds above,
Thy gracious mercy I'll adore,
And sing thy wondrous love.

HYMN 166.

1. Blest be the dear u - niting love, That will not let us part;

Our bodies may a - far remove, We still are one in heart.

47. RICHARDS. C. M.

SONGS OF ZION.

2. Joined in one spirit to our Head, Where he appoints we'll go;

And in his footsteps meekly tread, And thus his praises show.

48. MELODY. C. M.

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

3. Par - takers of the Saviour's grace, The same in mind and heart,

Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor space, Nor life, nor death, can part.

HYMN 167.

O Thou, enthroned in worlds above,
Our Father and our Friend;
Low at the footstool of thy love,
Thy children humbly bend.

All reverence to thy name be given;
Thy kingdom wide displayed;
And as thy will is done in heaven,
Be it on earth obeyed.

Our table may thy bounty spread,
From thy exhaustless store;
Give us each day our daily bread;
We would not ask for more.

That pardon we to others give,
Do thou to us extend;
From all temptations, O relieve;
From every ill defend.

To thee belongs, O Lord Most High,
The kingdom, glory, power,
Thro' the wide earth and spacious sky,
Both now and evermore.

HYMN 168.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue:
And let the joys of heaven impart,
Their spirit to our song.

Thy kindling love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame,—
Alone inspire the vital praise,
Of glory to thy name.

Dear Saviour, may thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwelling here,
Till in the bliss of light divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

HYMN 169.

And can my heart aspire so high,
To say 'My Father! God!'
Lord, at thy feet, I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise,
Bid every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

My Father! O permit my heart
To plead its humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 170.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
So sweet or dear can be.

The gentle whisper of thy voice,
Allays each doubting fear;
It bids the trembling soul rejoice,
And dries the falling tear.

This, this shall be our constant theme,
And this our thrilling joy;
The praises of our Saviour's name,
Shall be our sweet employ.

HYMN 171.

With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

Before the radiant throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of glory sing.

Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

While in the house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

HYMN 172.

Eternal Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires:
O could I say, The Lord is mine!
'Tis all my soul desires.

Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refined,
Substantial bliss without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.

Thy smile can gild the shade of woe,
Bid stormy troubles cease,
And spread the dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace.

My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To sound thy praise abroad.

49. JORDAN. C. M.

HYMN 173.

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-

spired, Loud and more loud the anthem raise, With grateful ardor fired.

TREBLES.

2. From him sal - vation free - ly flows, In one e - ternal stream;

AIR AND BASS.

In ev'ry plan his wisdom shows, His mercy is su - preme.

50. NORTHFIELD. C. M.

3. O praise the Lord with ev'ry breath, For hope's transporting ray, Which

Which lights thro' darkest

lights thro' darkest shades of death, To realms of endless day, To realms of endless day.

shades of death, Which lights thro' darkest shades of death,

HYMN 174.

When verdure robes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love, and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

HYMN 175.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To that celestial world on high,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In every blooming prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.

Lord, send a ray of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise,
To scenes of joy, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 176.

My Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

When passing through the vale of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

The mercies of the living God,
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise.

HYMN 177.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The former things have past away,
And earth, and sea, and skies!

From heaven above, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

The light of mercy long obscured,
Now dawns on earth again,
For God himself in grace declares
His dwelling is with men!

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, & griefs & fears,
And death, itself, shall die!

How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 178.

Redeeming Spirit, O behold
A world by sin destroyed!
Creating Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void!

Give thou the word! the healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

If rang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!

And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

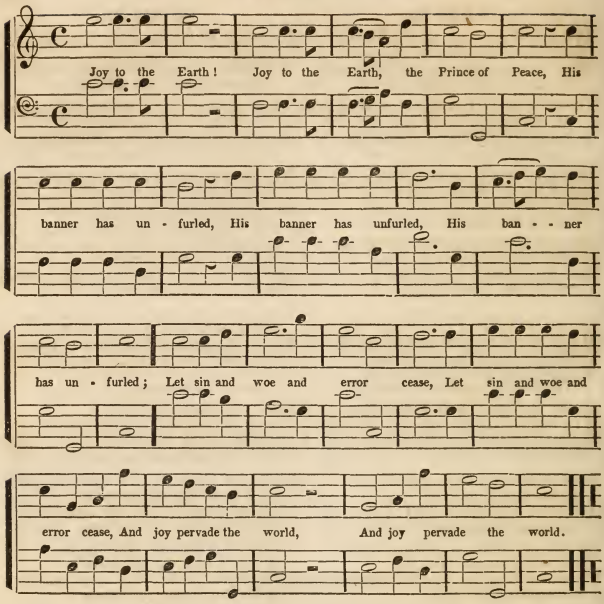
Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

HYMN 179.

O all ye nations, praise the Lord;
His glorious deeds proclaim;
The wonders of his grace record,
And laud his mighty name.

His love is great, his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord!

51. SIMMONS. C. M.



HYMN 180.

Joy to the earth! the Prince of Peace
His banner has unfurled;
Let sin, and woe, and error cease,
And joy pervade the world!

Praise ye the Lord! for truth and grace
His word and life display;
Let every soul his love embrace,
And own its kindling sway.

Joy to the earth! let every tongue
His gracious name extol;
To him our hymns of praise belong,
For he is Lord of all.

Laud ye his name! his wondrous love
In thankful joy record;
Let every heart his mercies prove,
The mercies of the Lord.

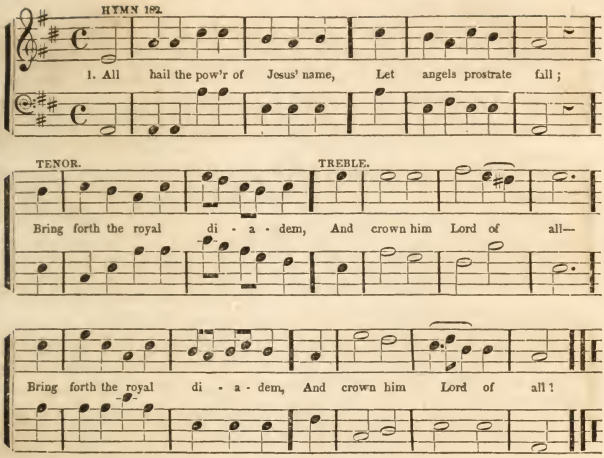
HYMN 181.

Praise ye the Lord! be our employ
In triumph to rejoice;
Let every soul, in holy joy,
Lift up the grateful voice.

Peace on the earth, good will to men,
Embraced the gospel plan;
Let that high strain be heard again,
Which angel tones began.

Glory to God! his praise transcends
The noblest flight of thought;
Yet faith to love her pinion lends,
And finds the blessing sought.

Joy to the isles and lands afar,
Messiah reigns above;
Let every eye behold the star,
The star of light and love.



Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

And when with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet shall fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 183.

Ye kindreds of the earth, rejoice
With ransomed hosts above;
In pure devotion tune each voice,
To sing that God is Love.

In wisdom, might and love, display'd
Within us and abroad,
The eye of mind may clearly read
The spirit of our God.

Each token of his gracious care
The heart of man should move,
In grateful praises to declare
His mercy and his love.

And when by faith and hope we see
The record of his will,
Our chiefest happiness should be
His counsel to fulfil.

O may our souls the quick'ning feel
Of mercy's heavenly Dove,
And in his fear forever dwell,
And know that God is Love.

HYMN 184.

O bless the Lord of Light, who came
From darkness to release;
Give glory to his honored name,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

Praise him whose reign of truth and grace
Shall evermore increase,
Until each soul of all our race,
Shall own him Prince of Peace.

When finished is his plan of love,
All sin and woe shall cease;
And every tongue, in heaven above,
Shall own him Prince of Peace.

53. LANESBORO'. C. M.

HYMN 185.

1. Almighty Father, gracious Pow'r, Thy boundless love we own; Thy grace hath made our cup run o'er, Thy grace hath made our cup run o'er, With blessings from thy throne.

54. PARADISE. C. M.

2. For - e - ver hallowed be thy name, All ho - ly as thou art; O may thy love - en - kindling flame, Be felt in ev' - ry heart, Be felt in ev' - ry heart.

FIA.

FOR.

HYMN 186.

O Saviour, warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their spirit to our song.

Sorrow and pain, and every care,
And every toil shall cease,
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the reign of peace.

The soul, from sin forever free,
Shall feel its sting no more,
But crown'd with light, and blest of thee,
Redeeming love adore.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angel-choir.

HYMN 187.

Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes thy cause his own;
Reliance on his holy word
Cannot be overthrown.

Though many foes beset thy road,
And feeble is thine arm,
Thy life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as thou art, thou shalt not faint,
Or fainting, shalt not die;
The hope and strength of every saint,
Will aid thee from on high.

He who all trials overcame,
Still watcheth over thee;
And, trusting in his blessed name,
Triumphant thou shalt be.

HYMN 188.

Fountain of mercy! God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The varied seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

The Spring's sweet breath, O Lord, was thine,
All nature to renew;
Thou gav'st the summer's sun to shine,
And sent the rain and dew.

Thy wondrous mercies from above,
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway
Which everywhere prevails;
Seed-time and harvest, night nor day,
Nor mercy, ever fails.

HYMN 189.

Awake, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake, my tongue, to sing;
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And grateful tribute bring.

Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

Be thou exalted, O our God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.

So shall we in thy truth rejoice,
With angel-hosts above;
And sinners hear thy gracious voice,
And taste redeeming love.

HYMN 190.

O, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my Lord and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,—
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN 191.

Come, ye who know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is Love.

This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
The Saviour of mankind appears,
To show that God is Love.

In all his doings, he displayed
The spirit of the dove;
For those who injured him, he prayed,
To show that God is Love.

With him at last mankind shall reign
In brighter worlds above,
And in each pure and holy strain,
Will sing that God is Love.

55. BARBY. C. M.

HYMN 192. SLOW.

1. E - ternal Spirit, God of Truth! Our waiting hearts in-

spire; O light the flame of sacred love, And breathe the pure desire.

56. CHINA. C. M.

2. Thy word can soothe the troubled mind, With doubt and fear oppress'd;

Thou to the dying life canst give, And to the wea - ry rest.

57. COLESHILL. C. M.

3. O grant that here thy pow'r di - vine, Dis - played and felt may

be; That we with pure and humble hearts, Our vows may pay to thee.

HYMN 193.

My God! my Father! blissful name!
O may I call thee mine!
May I, with full assurance, claim
A portion so divine!

This can my every fear control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye!

Whate'er thy holy will denies
I freely would resign;
For thou art good, and just and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

If pain and sorrow rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Thy mercy ever is the same,
To cheer my drooping heart.

Though dark thy ways, O may we own
That they are always right,
And feel that hope in thee alone,
Is precious in thy sight.

HYMN 194.

We eat, dear Lord, the broken bread,
And drink the flowing wine;
And at thy table here outspread,
Partake of joys divine.

The broken bread! thy body here
In emblem is expressed;
Thy living grace may we revere,
Thy dying love attest.

The flowing wine! thy precious blood
In emblem is supplied;
O may our hearts, by grace subdued,
In thy great love abide.

HYMN 195.

Life is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That in the blooming dies.

The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs,
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that never die.

HYMN 196.

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
The grave, where once our Saviour lay,
Hath lost its fearful gloom.

That calm repose his presence blest,
That cold but quiet bed!
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

Thence he arose—and now commends
To us his gracious charms!
The glory that his truth attends,
Death of its sting disarms.

Though earth and all its joys be dim,
On him in faith rely;
Our life is hid with God in him;
That life can never die!

HYMN 197.

Since all the varying scenes of time
Our Father's eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Even crosses from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind!
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

HYMN 198.

Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swiftly time completes its rounds,
How brief they all appear!

Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swiftly-gliding year,
And study how we may increase
The speed of its career.

Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

So shall their course in pleasure roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys beyond the skies.

58. BRISTOL. C. M.

HYMN 199.

1. To praise thy wondrous name, O Lord, Do thou our hearts in - cline,
Do thou our hearts in - cline; To love the precepts of thy word,
And feel their glow di - vine, And feel their glow di - vine.

59. GENEVA. C. M.

2. Thou art the mighty Lord of all, And
Thou art the mighty Lord of all,
all should thee a - - dore; May ev' - - ry soul thy
May ev'ry soul thy
love ex - - tol, And serve thee ev - - er - more.

HYMN 200.

God of our lives! thy various praise
Our voices shall resound;
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend;
Whose constant mercies from the skies,
In genial streams, descend.

In every scene of life, thy care,
Thy boundless love we see:
And constant as thy favors are,
So should our praises be.

Still may thy love in every scene,
To every age, appear,
And may the same compassion deign
To bless each coming year.

HYMN 201.

Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Behold the risen Lord,
Sends down his spirit from on high,
To seal his blessed word.

That spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within,
And raises from the fearful death
Of darkness and of sin.

The things of Christ the spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The humble soul his temple makes,
And Eden blooms again.

Come, holy spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
With faith, and hope, and holy love,
Each longing heart inspire.

HYMN 202.

O for a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

Angelic hosts resound his praise,
In pure and joyous strains!
Let all the earth his honors raise;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

In spirit and in truth proclaim
The glories of his love;
In spirit and in truth, his name
Is sung by all above.

Partakers of their holy joy,
Be pure the praise we bring;
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

HYMN 203.

Mortals, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 204.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.'

All hail the triumph and the joy,
Of great salvation's morn!
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
To man, that day was born!

Well might the angel feel the glow
Of love's celestial fire!
Well might the theme exalt the strains
Of heaven's angelic choir:

'All glory be to God on high,'
The joyous song began;
'Peace to the nations of the earth,
Peace, and good-will to man!'

'Fear not!' is still the joyous cry
Re-echoed from above!
'Fear not!' good tidings of great joy,
Is still the strain of Love.

60. DEVIZES. C. M.

HYMN 205.

1. Let us a - dore the grace that seeks To draw our hearts a - - bove; For, lo! the great Je - ho vah speaks,

PIA. And ev'ry word is love,

FOR. And ev'ry word is love.

61. SEBASTIAN. C. M.

2. Lord, help us now to seek thy face, By Christ the living Way,

PIA. And praise thee for thy saving grace,

And praise thee for thy saving grace,

FOR. And praise thee for thy saving grace, Throughout eternal day.

HYMN 206.

The Saviour! O what varied charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Doubt it expels, and fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

Here pardon, life and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty man, depraved by sin,
And lost in hopeless woe!

O wondrous depth of grace divine,
My soul would fain adore:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
And I will ask no more.

By thee in all things richly blest,
Before thy cross I fall;
Thou art my Hope, my Life, my Rest,
My Saviour, and my All!

HYMN 207.

Eternal Source of truth and grace,
Our best desires fulfil;
May we thy wondrous love embrace,
And learn to do thy will.

In all thy mercies, may our hearts
Devoutly grateful be;
Nor let the gifts thy love imparts
Estrange our souls from thee.

In every scene of ill resigned,
May we submission learn;
And ever strive, with humble mind,
Thy wisdom to discern.

Do thou direct our steps aright,
And, walking in thy fear,
May we regard thy heavenly light,
And ever persevere.

So may we find that wisdom's ways
Are ways of perfect peace;
And feel the glow of warmer praise,
As we in joy increase.

HYMN 208

How rich thy favors, God of grace!
How various, how divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

God to eternal glory calls,
And points the blissful way
To realms of perfect peace and joy,
Where reigns unclouded day.

The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall commend,
Which leads, thro' sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

HYMN 209.

Indulgent God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.

What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with joy has overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

In peaceful sleep I'll close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free:
O let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

Thus bless each future day and night,
Till all life's scenes are o'er;
In realms of endless life and light,
Thy mercy I'll adore.

HYMN 210.

The Saviour calls! let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound!
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty, longing heart,
The streams of mercy flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
A balm for every woe.

Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
And he who here in faith applies,
Will not apply in vain.

The fountain flows, and ever flows!
O hearken to the voice,
That bids you here relieve your woes,
And in the Lord rejoice.

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
For thou alone canst draw;
Display the joy thy grace imparts,
The spirit of thy law.

HYMN 211.

Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

62. THORNING. C. M.

HYMN 212.

1. The glories, Lord, thy works proclaim, Our pious wonder raise; Thy word still more reveals thy name, And more exalts thy praise. Thy mercies far beyond the rounds Of earth and heav'n extend; Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds, Where time and nature end.

63. GREENWOOD. C. M.

2. Thy righteousness maintains its throne, Tho' mountains sink to dust; Thy judgments are a deep unknown, Yet always wise and just. Unbounded is thy goodness, Lord! How bright its wonders shine! Of present, past and future good, The glory all be thine.

HYMN 213.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

HYMN 214.

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I knew the Lord!
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word!

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

In thee alone my longing heart,
A comforter can find;
Thy joyous presence can impart
Salvation to the mind.

Abide with me, and be thy voice
Again in pardon heard;
So shall I evermore rejoice
To know and serve the Lord.

HYMN 215.

Life but a fleeting vapor is!
How soon its dreams are past!
However bright its scenes of bliss,
We feel they cannot last.

Time hasteth, as a post, away,
Or, like an arrow, flies;
The flower that brightly blooms to-day,
To-morrow droops and dies!

Yet, gracious God! our fleeting days
Thy constant favors share;
And blessings, in thy truth and grace,
Thou ever dost prepare.

In all thy doings, thou art good,
And all thy ways are love;
Thou sheddest on our pilgrim-road
The day-spring from above.

Thy mercies know nor depth nor bound,
A sea without a shore!
O may our hearts with love abound,
That we may praise thee more!

In every scene of woe or weal,
May we revere thy will,
And evermore thy blessing feel,
While we thy law fulfil.

HYMN 216.

Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

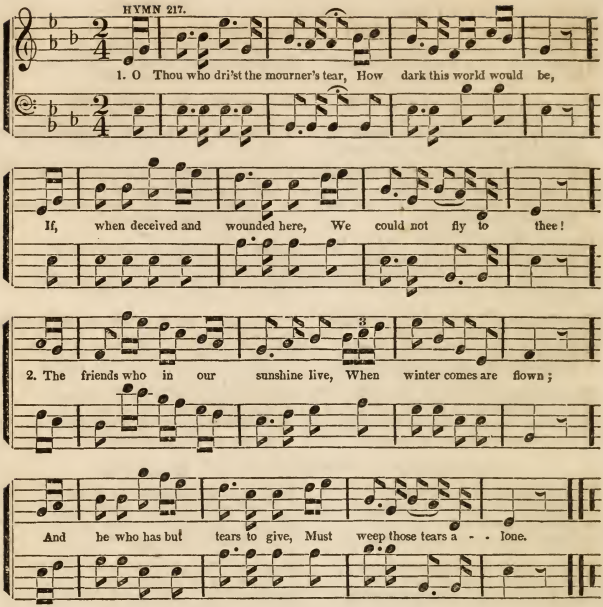
Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructer! gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.



VERSES 3—6.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathe sweetness out of woe:

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope, that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too.

O who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
A peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow, touched by thee, is bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day!

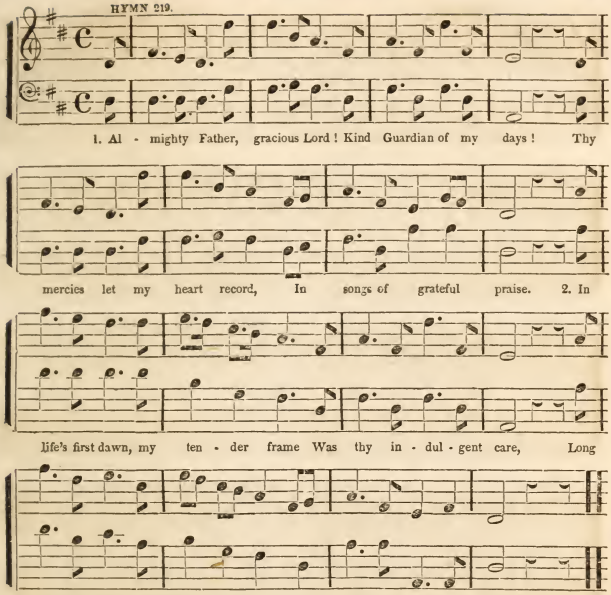
HYMN 218.

There is a flower—a holy one—
That blossoms on my path;
No need of dew, or daily sun,
Or falling showers, it hath.

It blooms as brightly in the storm
As in the cloudless sky,
And rears unharmed its humble form,
When others fade and die.

That plant is Faith: its holy leaves
Reviving odor shed,
Where pain is felt, or sorrow grieves
O'er mansions of the dead.

God is its sun—his living light
In happy hours he lends,
And silently, in sorrow's night,
His heavenly dew descends.



VERSES 3—6.

How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned my eye!
How many passed almost unknown,
Or unregarded by!

Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,—
The blessings of thy grace.

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine,—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

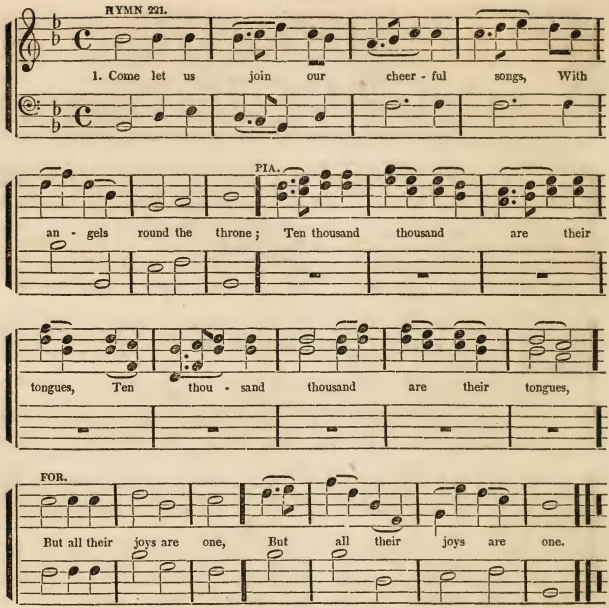
HYMN 220.

There is a hope—a blessed hope—
More precious and more bright,
Than all the varied forms of joy
The world esteems delight.

There is a star—a lovely star—
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospect of the tomb.

There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above;
Dispels distrustful, anxious doubts,
And whispers, God is Love.

That voice is heard from Zion's height,
And speaks the soul forgiven,
That star is revelation's light—
That hope, the hope of heaven,



VERSES 2—5.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 222.

Author of good, we rest on thee;
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love shall vainer loves expel;
That fear all fears beside.

And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good, unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

HYMN 223.

Great God, to thee, my grateful tongue
My fervent thanks shall raise;
Inspire my heart to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.

Thy wisdom all creation planned,
And all in love contrived;
From thy creative, forming hand,
My being I derived.

Thy power in all thy works and ways,
Around us and above,
In every varied form displays
The tokens of thy love.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
In safety we repose;
Thy mercies are the living springs
From which all blessing flows.

May we proclaim thy worthy praise,
In every fleeting breath,
And be at last, through thy free grace,
Triumphant over death.

HYMN 224.

Begin, my tongue, the heavenly theme;
In joyous rapture sing;
Proclaim the wise and gracious name,
Of our eternal King.

Sing of his wondrous faithfulness,
Which all his people prove;
Sing of the promise of his grace,
And universal love.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For all the sons of men;
His hand has traced the holy word
With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass
The joyful promise shines,
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

HYMN 225.

Eternal Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise;
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
Which thou wilt not despise.

Each dark and erring mind illume,
With truth's celestial rays,
That so each heart, in sacred love,
May glow with fervent praise.

Conduct us safely by thy grace
Through life's uneven road,
To pleasures which forever dwell
In thy divine abode.

HYMN 226.

Songs of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

How great the works his hand has wro't!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise its Maker's mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
Which his first thoughts designed.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

HYMN 227.

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The shepherds to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
Our onward, pilgrim-way.

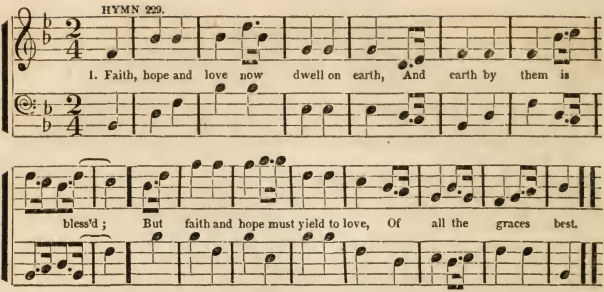
O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
A bright and joyous end it hath,—
It ends in rest in heaven.

HYMN 228.

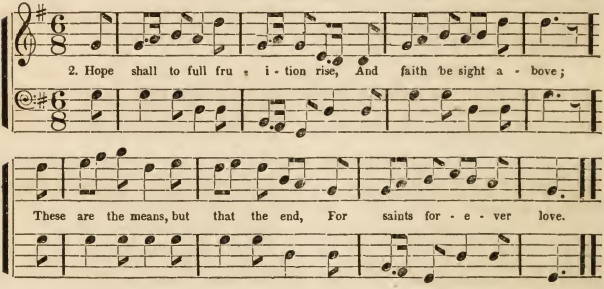
How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as the sun its teachings shine,
To guide us on to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
And wipes away our tears;
Life, light and blessing it imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This heavenly ray, through all the night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of love's eternal day.



68. CORNELIA. C. M.



HYMN 230.

When I can read my title clear
  To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
  And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
  And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at envy's rage,
  And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
  And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
  My God, my Heaven, my All.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
  In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
  Across my peaceful breast.

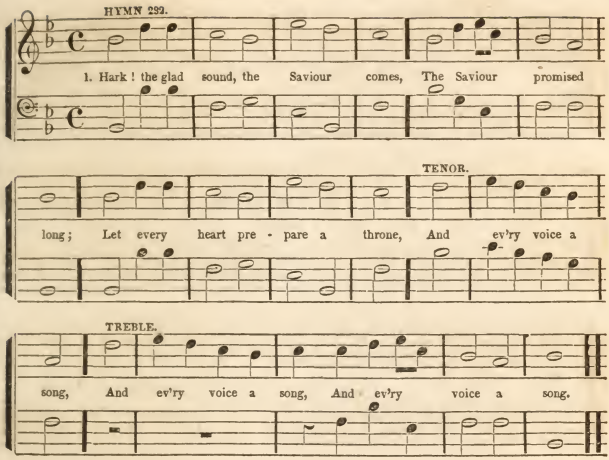
HYMN 231.

O blest are they who feel the love
  A Saviour's grace bestows!
The fountain springs in worlds above,
  And freely here it flows.

O blest are they who now believe
  The promise of his word!
Their hearts in joyous faith receive
  The blessing of the Lord.

O blest are they who worship here,
  Who sing, and praise, and pray!
To them who thus their Lord revere,
  Appears a heavenly day.

But O how blest, divinely blest,
  Are they in courts above,
Who now enjoy his heavenly rest,
  The rest of endless love!



On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye, oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And earth's remotest regions sound
Thine all-sufficient name.

HYMN 233.

My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet Morning-Star,
And he my rising Sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.

Nor fearing pains nor ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 234.

In duties and in conflicts too,
Thy path, O Lord, I trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

Inspired with love, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O may thy love my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

Devotion, meekness, zeal and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove,
An image, Lord, of thine.

70. MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

HYMN 235.

1. Give me, O Lord, a thankful heart, From ev'ry

mur - - mur free; The blessing of thy grace im - - part,

P. F.

That I may live to thee, That I may live to thee.

71. RINDGE. C. M.

2. Let the sweet hope that I am thine, My life and death at - tend;

Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end, Thy

blessing thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 236.

Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With streams that never dry.

HYMN 237.

Lord, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy joys are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O may thy gracious presence still
With every one remain.

O may we all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall meet with him above.

HYMN 238.

O thou, whose power the mountains formed,
And made the sea its bed;
Who set the raging waves their bound,
And all their caverns hid;

The mountains thy commands obey;
The seas thy power confess;
Thou dost their caverns deep survey,
And every dark recess.

O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord,
Wilt thou thy hand extend,
And to thy gracious, pardoning word,
Their lofty summits bend.

And over sin's wild raging sea,
May thy pure spirit move:
And cleansed may every feeling be
By thy redeeming love.

In darkest caverns of the heart
Wilt thou thy light display,
And to the mental eye impart
Thy own eternal day.

HYMN 239.

Father of all, whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal destruction round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
Lord, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

HYMN 240.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers;
The dark, deep sea of death, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the darkling gloom,
In living green appear;
And light and life and glory, bloom
In that unfading sphere.

The land from Pisgah's top beheld,
Has long been waste and drear,
And Israel's sons are thence exiled,
In trembling and in fear.

But in the heavenly land sublime,
By sin nor woe defiled,
There cometh not the blight of time,
And none are thence exiled.

O there the stream of blessing flows
From love's eternal fount,
Which bursts where light forever glows,
Around the holy mount.

HYMN 241.

1. O thou to whose ce - - lestial light, My dawn of hope I owe; Once wand'ring in the shades of night, And sunk in hopeless woe! 2. Thy gracious hand redeem'd the slave, And set the prisoner free; Be all I am—and all I have, Devoted, Lord, to thee.

73. KNARESBOROUGH. C. M.

3. O may my soul o - bey thy will, And live up - on thy word, And live up - on thy word; O give me warmer love and zeal - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - To O give me warmer love and zeal, serve my dearest Lord, O give me warmer love and zeal, To serve my dearest Lord.

HYMN 242.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, & brooks, & vales,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

HYMN 243.

O all ye lands, in God rejoice,
To him your thanks belong;
In strains of rapture, let each voice
Unite to raise the song.

O enter ye his courts with praise,
His love to all proclaim;
To God the song of triumph raise,
And laud his worthy name.

The Lord is good, supremely good,
His mercy ever sure;
His truth in ages past has stood,
And ever shall endure.

HYMN 244.

O all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Redeemer sing!
Ye pilgrims, who his grace record,
Be joyful in your King.

His hand divine shall lead us on,
Through all the blissful road,
Until before the radiant throne,
We rest in his abode.

And when, arrayed in robes of peace,
Before that throne we bow,
The garlands of immortal grace
Shall bloom on every brow.

HYMN 245.

Joy to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields,& floods,rocks,hills,& plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

HYMN 246.

Afar from all these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

Fair spirit-land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

HYMN 247.

Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy spirit now display;
Assembled in the house of prayer,
O give us hearts to pray!

The veil that hides thee from our sight,
Do thou in grace remove;
Unveil to us thy saving light,
The glory of thy love.

Give us to feel that every hour,
Thy love is o'er our race;
And may the creatures of thy power,
Be children of thy grace.

74. NEW GABRIEL. C. M.

HYMN 248.

1. O render thanks and bless the Lord, In - voke his sacred name, In-
voke his sacred name; The wonders of his grace record, His gracious deeds pro-
His
claim - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - His gracious deeds pro - claim.
gracious deeds proclaim,

75. CHRISTIAN WARRIOR. C. M. SONGS OF ZION.

2. In lof - ty hymns of thanks and praise, Your hearts and tongues em-
ploy, Your hearts and tongues employ; And be his love and gracious ways, And be his
love and gracious ways, The theme - - - - - - - - of all your joy.

HYMN 249.

The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

HYMN 250.

Arise, ye people, and adore;
The joyous theme record!
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the risen Lord!

Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
His power o'er death proclaim;
The angel-choir respond the sound,
And glory in his name.

The pow'rs of darkness were o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.

O shout, ye people, and adore,
For man shall be restored,
And sing with joy for evermore,
The triumph of the Lord!

HYMN 251.

Sing to the Lord, ye favored lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and noble song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own anointed Son;
In truth and mercy he maintains
The justice of his throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

With joy lift up your wondering eyes,
Ye islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Saviour's way.

HYMN 252.

Hark! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat;
Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

'Fight on, my faithful band,' he cries,
'Nor fear the mortal blow;
Who first in such a warfare dies,
Shall speediest victory know.

I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

That throne and glory you shall share,
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the radiant honors wear,
While God himself shall live.'

Lord, 'tis enough! thy word divine
Inspires my zeal and love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and sin—
Our hopes are fixed above.

HYMN 253.

Forever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

When earth and sin their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

A friend and helper so divine,
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

HYMN 254.

Triumphant Saviour! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

Still may thy sword of truth prevail,
In thy redeeming strife;
Till slain of thee, the nations hail
Thy name as Prince of Life.

Thy conquests shall be yet complete,
And all our sinful race,
With songs of love and praise shall greet
The triumphs of thy grace.

Redeemed from sin, from error free,
They at thy feet shall fall,
And thou by them shalt honored be,
As gracious Lord of all.

76. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

HYMN 255.

1. Thy gra - cious aid, great God, im - part,
To give thy word success; Write all its pre - cepts
on the heart, And deep its truths im - - press.

77. WAREHAM. C. M.

VERY SLOW. PIA.

2. O speed our journey in the way, That leads to joys on high;
Where truth shines forth an endless day, And love shall ne - ver die, Where
truth shines forth an end - less day, And love shall never die.

FOR.

HYMN 256.

God of my life, my morning song
To thee in love I raise:
To thee, O Lord, to thee belong,
The strains of joyous praise.

Preserved by thy Almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

O let the same Almighty care,
Through all this day attend:
From every danger—every snare,
My every step defend.

O may thy spirit's sweet control,
Be felt in all my ways,
And may thy mercies fill my soul
With love and glowing praise.

HYMN 257.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

O thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 258.

Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
Can every fear control;
Can bid our every doubt remove,
And cheer the fainting soul.

Victorious love! thy wondrous power,
From sin and death can raise;
Can gild the dark, departing hour,
And tune its sighs to praise.

In thy great love, the soul shall soar
To thy exalted throne,
Where pleasures flow for evermore,
And sorrow is unknown.

Before thy all-victorious love,
The foes of man shall fall,
And thou shalt be, in worlds above,
Our Saviour and our All.

HYMN 259.

Thou art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to taste,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 260.

O Lord, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given,
And may this hallow'd scene have pow'r,
To raise our souls to heaven.

Still may we hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts,
Forget what he has done.

His true disciples may we live,
From sin and error free,
And humbly learn, like him, to give
Our every power to thee.

And oft along our pilgrim-way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy sacred day,
This holy scene renew.

HYMN 261.

Behold what condescending love,
Our blessed Lord displays!
To such as these, his word extends
The tokens of his grace.

He still the ancient promise keeps,
In loving-kindness given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own word to us declares,
Of such will heaven consist.

With flowing tears, and grateful hearts,
We give them up to thee!
Receive them, Lord, to thy embrace;
Thine may they ever be.

78. GRATITUDE. C. M.

HYMN 262.

1. Ce - lestial worlds, in glory bright, O praise your Maker's pow'r; Show forth your gladness and delight, From heav'n, your radiant bow'r. 2. Thou brilliant sun, in golden light, Take up the glorious theme, Thou moon, pale empress of the night, Shed down thy mellow beam. 3. Ye sons of men, with joyful mind, Your great Creator praise, And learn to know the Lord is kind, In all his wondrous ways. 4. All nature smiles to usher in, The knowledge of the Lord, And Christians of this day begin, To trust his holy word.

HYMN 263.

To thee we raise our grateful songs,
And praise thy glorious name;
Thy love, O Lord, inspires our tongues,
Thy mercy to proclaim.

Great Source of light, indulgent God,
How rich thy mercies are!
Teach us to spread thy name abroad,
And all thy truth declare.

O glorious Sun of Righteousness,
Diffuse thy beams divine;
May we behold thy lovely face,
And in thy image shine.

May thy pure light on Zion shine,
The clouds of sin dispel;
That peace, and life, and joy divine,
In every heart may dwell.

May we be drawn to thee, O Lord,
By blessings from above,
United by the three-fold cord
Of faith and hope and love.

So shall we feel the kindling glow
Of thy celestial fire;
And while we journey here below,
To thy abode aspire.

May that bright day roll swiftly on
When thou shalt reign below;
And all beneath the circling sun,
Thy full salvation know.

For this, O Lord, may every heart
In constant prayer ascend,
Till all shall see thee as thou art,
And praise thee without end.

HYMN 264.

What glorious tidings do I hear
From my Redeemer's tongue!
I can no longer silence bear,
I'll burst into a song.

The blind receive their sight with joy;
The lame are now restored;
The dumb their loosen'd tongues employ;
The deaf can hear the word.

The dead are raised to life anew,
By renovating grace;
The glorious gospel 's preached to you,
The poor of Adam's race.

O wondrous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from woe the sinking mind,
To reign with him above!

HYMN 265.

Eternal God, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

Let all the bright angelic throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
Which echoes through the sky.

Let each of all thy creatures be,
Of all thy ransomed race,
Devoted heart and mind to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

The grace on sinful men bestowed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!

Thou author of redeeming grace,
May all thy saints adore
Thy saving truth, and ever bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

Not angel-spirits can conceive,
Thy love's ecstatic height;
And we alone by faith receive,
Its renovating light.

Eternal and unchanging Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record
Thy universal love.

When time and earth are fled away,
Before thy glorious face,
Mankind shall sing, in endless day,
The glories of thy grace.

HYMN 266.

Hark! 'tis the prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near!
The night of death and bondage flies,
The dawning tints appear.

O Zion, from thy shades of gloom,
Awake to glorious day!
Thy desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Thy shadows flee away!

The gladdening news, conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome in the Morning Star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

The wilderness shall hear his voice,
For full salvation flows,
And Sharon's desert shall rejoice
And blossom as the rose.

79. RAPTURE. C. P. M.

HYMN 267.

1. On Zion's mount we take our stand, To view the joy - ous spirit - land, The land of our a - bode; There fruits of life im - mor - tal grow, There rivers of sal - va - tion flow, Forth from the throne of God.

80. GANGES. C. P. M.

2. O that our souls may feel the glow, Which ransomed spirits ever know, In that high world a - bove! There everlasting glories shine, Dif - fu - sing life and joy divine, And all the air is love.

HYMN 268.

Begin, my soul, the lofty lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise thy Maker's name;
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the gladdening theme.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings;
Astonished worlds adore.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise,
To join the thunder of the skies;
Praise him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

HYMN 269.

Jehovah spake! wide chaos heard,
And bowing to his sovereign word,
Confusion, darkness fled;
While from the deep, the void profound,
Celestial splendors shone around,
And new-born beauties spread.

Up rose the sun in cloudless light,
And at meridian strength and height,
Beamed from his radiant throne;
The moon was robed in silver rays,
And mild, reflecting solar blaze;
Bright gem'd the starry zone.

"Let these be signs"—Jehovah said:
From pole to pole the signs were spread,
And mortals bade them hail!
For wisdom, love, and power shall be
Thy signs, O Lord, and lead to thee,
Beyond death's cloudy vale.

HYMN 270.

All glory to our God above,
For all the tokens of his love,
By all mankind be given;
Let every heart in praise ascend,
And every note of rapture blend,
With songs of joy in heaven.

HYMN 271.

Lord, thou hast won;—at length, I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
O take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from sin, at thy command
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

HYMN 272.

Arise, and hail the happy day;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things:
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

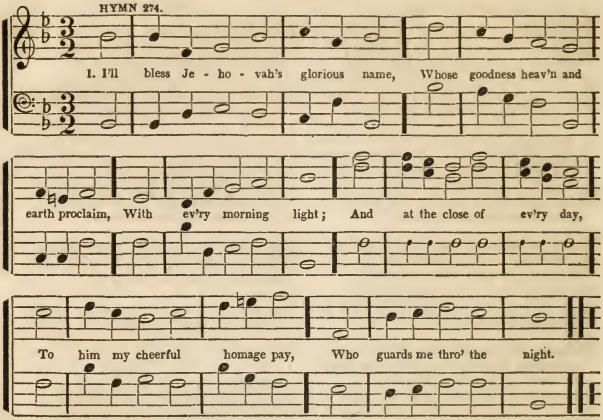
If angels, on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Poured forth their joyful songs,
Much more should we, of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.

O, then, let heaven and earth rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day,
When Jesus triumphed o'er his foes,
As from the shades of death he rose,
Life's sceptre wide to sway.

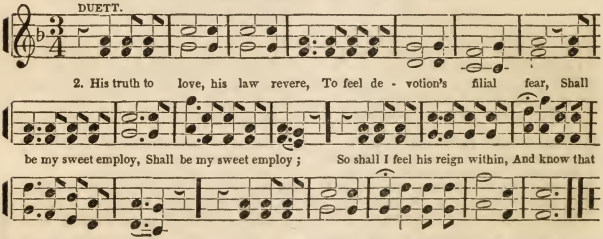
HYMN 273.

O let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came,
With peace to bless the earth.

He came to comfort the distressed,
To give the weary mourner rest,
And bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound,
The heavenly gift impart.



82. BROUGHTON. C. P. M.



HYMN 275.

Although the vine its fruit deny;
The budding fig-tree droop and die;
No oil the olive field;—
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be healed.

Though fields in verdure once arrayed,
Beneath the spoiler's hand be laid,
Or parched by scorching beam;
I'll joy in Him whose ways are just,
And evermore His mercy trust—
For mercy is supreme.

Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds, long famished, die away
Around the empty stall—
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
For better joys are in the skies,—
There God is all in all.

In God, my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
I know that fruits immortal grow,
And rivers of salvation flow,
In my bright home above.

HYMN 276.

My God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
  How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
  And all the earth o'erflow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
  Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
  And glides in every rill.

It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
  Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
  And smile on every vale.

But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
  Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There faith and hope direct the way
To love's resplendent, holy day,
  In thy unclouded heaven.

HYMN 277.

In thy dear name, O Lord, we meet,
Before thy blessed mercy seat,
  Thy mercy to embrace;
Thy spirit we desire to know,
That we may square our lives below
  By reason and by grace.

Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark and dreary cell,
  By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we'd give,
Constrained by thy great love, to live
  The friends of all mankind.

To us, O Lord, thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
  And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in thy truth and grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
  The city on the hill.

O let our love and faith abound!
O let our lives to all around,
  With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
  The heavenly light divine!

HYMN 278.

Parent of good, thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight!
  Thy name is all divine;
All that is bright in earth or sky,
That warms the heart, or charms the eye,
  Is thine, entirely thine.

Since all we see, or feel or know,
Of thee and thine in earth below,
  Is so divinely bright,—
How must thy glories shine above,
In thy unfading world of love,
  The world of life and light!

HYMN 279.

Our Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
  O lend a pitying ear,
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
  O, condescend to hear.

Far may thy glorious reign extend;
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
  And yield to sovereign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
  As angels do above.

From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
  In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
  And fill the silent tomb.

Pardon our sins, O God, that rise
Like gloomy clouds against the skies;
  And, while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
Nor malice harbor, in the breast
  That feels the love of heaven.

Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power,
  O, set our spirits free;
And if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
  And lead our hearts to thee.

Thine is the power; to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,—
  All glory to thy name:
Let every creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise,
  Thy wonders to proclaim.

83. SHIRLAND. S. M.

HYMN 280.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one;

PIA. FOR.

Whose kind de - signs to serve and please, In all their ways are shown.

84. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

2. Blest is the pious house, Where faith and friendship meet;

Their songs of praise, their mingling vows, Make their com - munion sweet.

85. WATCHMAN. S. M.

3. Thus on the heavenly hills, The saints are blest a - bove,

Where joy, like morning dew dis - tils, And all the air is love.

HYMN 281.

While God my Father's near,
My Shepherd, and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!

Great Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 282.

Shine, gracious Lord! O shine
In all thy saving light,
And prosper every pure design,
By thy triumphant might.

O bring thy ransomed near,
That they may learn thy ways;
Thy word may all thy people hear,
And sing thy worthy praise.

O may thy glorious power
Revealed in mercy be;
And all mankind thy name adore,
And serve and honor thee.

HYMN 283.

The Lord my Shepherd is,—
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

Whene'er from him I stray,
To error's thorny track,
He breathes to me of wisdom's way,
And gently leads me back.

Great Shepherd! may thy love
Inspire my heart to praise;
And may my heart forever prove
The joy of wisdom's ways.

HYMN 284.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our faith and hope, and love are one,
And one our joys and cares.

We share our griefs and woes,
And every rising fear,
And often for a brother flows
Affection's purest tear.

When we are call'd to part,
We share alike the pain,
Though, ever joined in mind and heart,
We hope to meet again.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

HYMN 285.

Dear Lord! we now must part!
A parting blessing give;
With thy pure love fill every heart,
That we in love may live.

And though we're far away,
May we united be,
And for each other daily pray,
That we may live in thee.

All glory to the Lamb,
May we forever sing,
And bid farewell, while we proclaim
Hosannas to our King.

HYMN 286.

Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same celestial birth,
With mutual blessings crowned.

May every evil cease,
And only love be known,
Since all a Father's love possess,
In one Redeemer shown.

So may the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

86. LONSDALE. S. M.

HYMN 267.

1. Al - mighty Maker, God! How wondrous is thy name!

Thy glories, how dif - fused abroad, Throughout creation's frame!

2. The earth in ev' - ry dress, Her humble hom - age

The earth in ev' - - ry dress, Her

pays, And does a thousand ways express, Thine un - dis - sembled praise.

humble homage pays,

87. PECKHAM. S. M.

3. My soul would rise and sing, To her Cre - a - - tor too;

Fain would my tongue a - dore my King, And pay the homage due.

HYMN 288.

Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams appear;
Dispel the shades of fearful gloom,
And shine in glory here.

O cleanse us from all sin,
By mercy from above;
And every waiting spirit win
To faith and hope and love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
And sanctify the soul;
Do thou thy holy grace impart,
And all our powers control.

Then shall we hear thy voice,
O thou celestial Dove!
And every longing soul rejoice
In faith and hope and love.

HYMN 289.

Not with the outward eye
Have we beheld our Lord,
Yet we perceive his blessing nigh,
Recorded in his word.

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely flow;
Our hearts rejoice with those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 290.

Rejoice! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Ye sons of men, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.

The mighty Saviour reigns,
In glorious worlds above;
His justice and his truth maintains
The glory of his love.

His kingdom cannot fail,
Nor his dominion cease;
Nor sin nor woe can e'er prevail,
Against the Prince of Peace.

In conflicts with his foes,
He conquered in the strife;
Nor death itself could long oppose
The mighty Lord of Life.

Lift up the grateful voice,
To sing his might and love!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice,
With angel-hosts above.

HYMN 291.

Behold, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

Ye Christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to Nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

His laws are just and pure;
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

HYMN 292.

Come, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

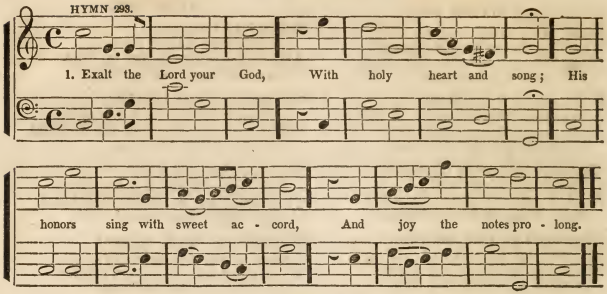
Believers here have found,
A heaven begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope will grow.

They hear their Saviour's voice,
And enter into rest;
In him they evermore rejoice,
By him forever blest.

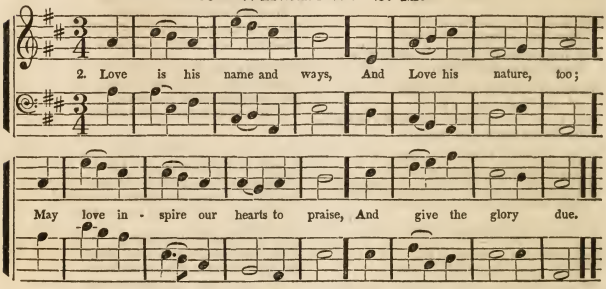
The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

88. SILVER STREET. S. M.



89. WINSLOW. S. M.



HYMN 294.

Let every creature join
  To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
  And sound his name abroad.

Thou sun, with golden beams,
  Thou moon, with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
  Shine to your Maker's praise.

He built those worlds above,
  And fixed their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
  And ever speak his name.

By all his works above,
  His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
  Should sing his praises best.

HYMN 295.

Behold the morning sun
  Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
  And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes,
  It spreads diviner light;
The pilgrim's pathway it illumes,
  And cheers his longing sight.

How perfect is thy word!
  And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
  And we securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
  Are thy directions given!
Oh! may we never read in vain,
  But find the path to heaven.

HYMN 296.

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own;
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and his alone;
He formed us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor more provoke his rod;
In wisdom's peaceful ways rejoice,
And own your gracious God.

Thus you the joys will share,
Which from devotion rise;
And heavenly grace your souls prepare
For bliss that never dies.

HYMN 297.

Sing to Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his sight,
And hymns of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole Creation's King.

Earth, with its caverns deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

Come, humble souls, adore,—
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

HYMN 298.

The living waters flow,
The thirsty soul to cheer;
And fruits of life immortal grow
For those who hunger here.

The dawn of hope and love,
Is seen on earth again;
And he who reigns as Lord above,
In spirit is with men.

Exalted on his throne,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall he be known,
The Universal Lord.

HYMN 299.

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his deathless love;
Sing of his vital grace;
Sing of salvation planned above,
For all our sinful race.

Sing till you feel your hearts
With holy ardor glow;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And heaven is felt below.

Sing on your Zion way,
With rapturous delight;
Sing till you see the holy ray
Of God's eternal light.

There, with the angel throng,
Salvation we'll proclaim;
And ever join the sacred song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

HYMN 300.

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
The means, the wisdom still display
That drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 301.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose kindness to our sinful race,
No change can e'er abate.

By him divinely blest,
Each hour his mercy proves;
Far as the east is from the west,
His love our guilt removes.

High as his holy place
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

90. PENTONVILLE. S. M.

HYMN 302.

1. Come, gracious Spi - rit, come, And in thy glo - ry shine;
The darkness of our minds illume, By light and life di - vine.

91. MORNINGTON. S. M.

2. Melt into love each heart, Each stubborn will sub - due;
Bid ev'ry germ of ill de - part, And every soul re - new.

92. DOVER. S. M.

3. Ours shall the bless - ing be, But thine be all the praise;
Our willing hearts will give to thee, The remnant of our days.

HYMN 303.

Lord, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in all thy ways conferred
On Zion's chosen race.

Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore:
By all be in devotion shown
Thy praise for evermore.

How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy word,
Includes our rising race.

Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their Father's God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

HYMN 304.

Sweet is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blessed.

HYMN 305.

My soul, be on thy guard!
Unnumbered foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray;
The contest ne'er give o'er;
Renew the conflict day by day,
And aid divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay the armor down;
Thy work of faith will ne'er be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

HYMN 306.

Dear Saviour, we are thine!
Thine may we ever be!
Our vital union, how divine!
Our union unto thee.

To thee in faith we cleave;
O may we cleave in love;
Thy precious grace may we receive,
Descending from above.

Thy spirit shall unite
Mankind to thee, their Head;
Shall form them to thy image bright,
And on them blessings shed.

Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But thou wilt keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

Since thou and we are one,
We will not doubt thy care;
The love on earth so freely shown,
We evermore shall share.

HYMN 307.

By faith may Jesus dwell
In our believing hearts;
While he that love which none can tell,
In streams of grace, imparts.

Then may we comprehend,
With all the saints in light,
And see his boundless grace extend,
And know its depth and height.

Then, filled with every grace,
From strength to strength we'll go,
While Jesus shows his smiling face
In every scene of woe.

Soon we shall victors be,
And crowns of glory wear;
In endless peace our Captain see,
And dwell forever there.

HYMN 308.

Our Saviour knows full well
The heart of every saint;
He bids us all our sorrows tell,
And pray, and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear—
We never pray in vain;
Then let us still his word revere,
And pray, and pray again.

His hand our every tear
Will gently wipe away;
For graciously he deigns to hear
His people when they pray.

93. BRADLEY. S. M.

PIA. HYMN 309.

1. Thy name, Al - mighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands,

FOR. PIA.

Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands: Great is thy grace and sure thy

FOR.

word, Great is thy grace and sure thy word, Thy truth for - e - ver stands.

94. LISBON. S. M.

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till

Till morning light and

morning light and evening shade, Shall be ex - changed - - - - - - - no more;

evening shade, Shall be exchanged no more, Shall be exchanged no more.

HYMN 310.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

Our Lord himself draws near,
To bless his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of folly and of sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 311.

To bless the human race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the light of saving grace
On all the earth to shine.

O may thy wondrous way
Throughout the world be known,
And every soul its homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

Oh let the nations sing
The wonders of thy hand;
For thou, the universal King,
Shalt govern every land.

Let every kindred join,
Thy mercies to proclaim,
While heaven and earth in joy combine,
To praise thy glorious name.

HYMN 312.

Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join the heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given;
For songs of praise, divine employ!
Shall be our theme in heaven.

HYMN 313.

My God—my life—my love,
To thee—to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Nor earth—nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No—not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
My glorious day-spring from above,
The portion of my soul.

Thy truth, my longing heart
Shall evermore embrace;
And feel the bliss thy words impart,
The blessing of thy grace.

HYMN 314.

Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
May I victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll gladly leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

HYMN 315.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in your office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For holy is his name.

Watch!—'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

HYMN 316.

O God, to earth incline,
With mercies from above;
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.

Through all the earth below,
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know
The Saviour's blessed name.

O may the world agree
To walk in wisdom's ways,
And all mankind present to thee
Their songs of grateful praise!

Oh let the nations round
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's remotest coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.

95. OLMUTZ. S. M. CHANT.

HYMN 317.

1. Raise your tri - umphant songs To an im - mor - tal tune;
2. Sing how e - ter - nal love, Its brightest Im - age chose,

Let the wide earth resound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace hath done.
And bade him raise our sin - ful race, From their a - byss of woes.

96. HANCOCK. S. M. THE CHOIR.

3. Be - lievers, dry your tears; Let hopeless sorrow cease:
4. Lord, we o - bey thy call; We lay an humble claim

Bow to the scep - tre of his love, And take the offered peace.
To the sal - va - tion thou hast brought, And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 318.

My Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

Lord, what can I impart,
Since all I have is thine!
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
For all thy gifts divine.

Shall I withhold thy due,
Nor thy rich blessing prove?
Lord, may thy truth my soul renew,
And fill it with thy love.

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire
And all my days be thine.

HYMN 319.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Ceased is the cause of grievous plaints—
To joyous strains awake.

Blest with a Father's love,
Although afar from home;
He views us from his throne above,
Wherever we may roam.

His truth's celestial light,
For evermore will shine;
And we shall see, in sorrow's night,
The star of life divine.

While in our pilgrim road,
We feel his heavenly flame,
And, trusting in the love of God,
We lean upon his name.

The fearful waves of gloom
Subside at his control;
His promise and his truth illume
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O Lord,
Who stays himself on thee!
His soul, believing in thy word,
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 320.

Love is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.

We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.

Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile,
When love inspires the breast.

Let love forever grow,
And banish wrath and strife;
So shall we witness here below
The joys of social life.

When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign through all the place.

HYMN 321.

Let pure devotion rise,
And kindle to a flame,
Ascend like incense to the skies,
In our Redeemer's name.

His word, like drops of dew,
Descends on every heart,
Subdues and fashions us anew,
And bids our sins depart.

His grace our faith sustains,
And dissipates our fears;
Binds up our wounds, relieves our pains,
And wipes away our tears.

He bids our longing eyes
Look through the fearful gloom,
To his own kingdom in the skies,
Where joys forever bloom.

HYMN 322.

Christians, dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy succeed;
The welcome news with gladness hear;
The Lord is risen indeed!

Angelic hosts above
The rising victor sing,
And all the blissful courts of love
With loud hosannas ring.

Believers here below,
Your hearts and voices raise;
Let every soul with gladness glow,
In your Redeemer's praise.

97. DALSTON. S. P. M.

HYMN 323.

1. How pleasant 'tis to see, Kin - dred and friends a - gree,

Each in his proper station move, And each ful - fil his part,

With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

98. WORSHIP. S. P. M.

2. Like fruitful show'rs of rain, That water all the plain, De-

scending from the lof - ty hills, Such streams of pleasure roll, Thro' ev'ry friendly

PIA. FOR.

soul, Where love, like heavenly dew, distils, Where love, like heav'nly dew dis - tils.

HYMN 324.

How pleased and blest was I
To hear my brethren cry,
Come, let us seek our God to-day!
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And light and love enclose thee round;
In thee our souls appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house,
For here my friends and brethren dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes this his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 325.

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned:
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new,
On earth below—in heaven above;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

HYMN 326.

To God who reigns above,
And rules mankind in love,
Be honor, praise and glory given;
On earth we sing his grace,
And all our ransomed race,
Shall laud his holy name in heaven.

HYMN 327.

Let all who fear the Lord,
Unite, with one accord,
The great Jehovah's name to bless;
His glorious works and ways,
Uniting in his praise,
The wonders of his hand express.

Let rapture tune each voice,
And every heart rejoice,
In our Creator's boundless love;
His wisdom and his might,
With ceaseless love unite,
In earth below and sky above.

Earth and its scenes decay;
The skies may pass away,
But God is evermore the same;
The same his love to man,
The same his gracious plan,
The same the glories of his name.

Let all beneath the light,
In grateful song unite,
And all, with sweet, divine accord,
In holy praise and prayer,
His wondrous love declare,
And magnify our blessed Lord.

HYMN 328.

Divinely blest are they
Who walk in wisdom's way,
And love the precepts of the Lord;
Religion's holy light
Is precious in their sight,
And truth is their supreme regard.

They feel their joy and peace,
With righteousness increase,
As on they move in wisdom's way;
And light and love divine
In glory round them shine,
And brighten to the perfect day.

HYMN 329.

To thee, O God of Love,
Enthroned in light above,
The homage of our hearts we bring;
The streams of joy which flow
In every scene below,
From thy eternal mercies spring.

The wondrous gospel plan
Of saving grace for man,
The glory of thy love displays;
O may we ever be
Devoted, Lord, to thee,
And feel thy blessing all our days.

99. ADAMS. 8. 7.

HYMN 330.

1. God of our sal - - va tion, hear us! Bless, O

When we join the world, be near us, Lest we

bless us ere we go; Sa - viour, keep us; Sa - viour

cold and careless grow.

keep us,— Keep us safe from ev' - ry foe.

100. SICILIAN. 8. 7.

2. As our steps are drawing nearer, To our ever - lasting home,

May our view of heav'n grow clearer, Hopes more bright of joys to come;

And when dying, And when dying, May thy presence cheer the gloom.

HYMN 331.

O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
And thy doubting fears begone:
Look to Jesus,
And confide in him alone.

Though unnumbered foes beset thee,
And the waves of woe increase,
Never will his grace forget thee,
Nor his tender mercies cease;
He is ever,
Lord of Life and Prince of Peace.

HYMN 332.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere in slumber we recline;
Thy unfailing care possessing,
We enjoy a bliss divine.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though its fearful arrow fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us—
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Evermore our guard will be.

Should disease this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

HYMN 333.

O my soul, behold thy Saviour,
And his tender mercies prove;
Though the world withdraw its favor,
He is faithful in his love.

What though others may be preaching,
Death shall reign for evermore—
Trust, my soul, thy Saviour's teaching,
That its reign will soon be o'er.

In the Lord, all things restoring,
God unveils his love to man;
Thou, that gracious love adoring,
Trust in his redeeming plan.

In thy darkest hour of sadness,
Hope shall beam in glory bright,
And in every scene of gladness,
Thou shalt feel his living light.

HYMN 334.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN 335.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise!

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God on high!

Peace on earth, in all its blessing,
Peace on earth, good-will to man!
God, in mercy never ceasing,
Here unveils his gracious plan.

Holy Father! we adore thee!
Be thy grace forever nigh,
Till in heaven we sing before thee,
Glory be to God on high!

HYMN 336.

Bowed beneath the weight of sorrow,
Seeking solace for our fears,
From the Star of Hope we borrow
Light that deepest darkness cheers.

Though the clouds may blacken o'er us,
As we walk the narrow way,
Light celestial dawns before us,
Shining unto perfect day.

Sin affords no real pleasure,—
In our journey here below,
We shall find the joyous treasure,
Only when we virtue know.

Be the kindly hand extended
To the suffering and the sad,
Be the child of woe befriended,
And the widow's heart made glad.

Then our path is bright and even,—
And though storms around us rise,
Still the purest light of heaven
Shall illume the darkest skies.

Pure Religion's sway will lighten
All our burthens 'neath the sky,
And our every prospect brighten
Of a resting-place on high.

HYMN 337.

Gracious Source of every blessing,
Free our minds from anxious fears;
Let us, each thy care possessing,
Calmly reach the vale of years.

All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way;
May life's sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

101. GREENVILLE. 8. 7.

HYMN 238.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life and light and peace pos - sessing, From the sinner's dy - ing Friend.

Love and grief my heart di - viding, With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith a - bi - ding, Life de - - riving from his death.

102. PERRY. 8. 7.

2. Here I find my joy and heaven, While in faith on him I gaze;
Here I feel my sins for - given, Lost in wonder, love and praise!

May I still en - joy this feeling, And its fruits de - voutly show,
Prove his grace each day more healing, And my Lord more ful - ly know.

HYMN 339.

God is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens:
God is Light, and God is Love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Life decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is Light, and God is Love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Goodness still will changeless prove;
From the cloud his glory streameth:
God is Light, and God is Love.

He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his mercy shineth:
God is Light, and God is Love.

HYMN 340.

In this world of joy and sorrow,
Mingling bliss and painful care,
From the light of hope we borrow,
Heavenly balm for deep despair.

Thee, triumphant Lord and Saviour!
In the glass of faith we see;
O assist each faint endeavor,
To confide alone in thee.

Place the joyous scene before us,
Of that joy-resplendent day,
When to light thou wilt restore us,
Darkness having passed away!

Then shall we, thro' boundless favor,
Incorruption's robes put on!
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour,
May thy gracious will be done.

HYMN 341.

Saviour, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Though by all things else forsaken,
Thou my *all in all* shalt be.

Let the world neglect and leave me,
Thou wert once forsaken, too!
Human hopes may oft deceive me,
Thou art faithful, thou art true.

Perish earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn or pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor, life is gain.

O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy gracious love I know;
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
While I feel thy kindling glow!

HYMN 342.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Sacred mount, O fix me on it,—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I find my richest treasure,
Hither by thy grace I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God of love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 343.

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Wheresoe'er through earth we range;
May nor pride nor fear impede us,
Nor our hope to doubting change.

When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us—
Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death is near,
Suffer not our souls to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thy presence rest,
Where our praises shall be blended
With the anthems of the blest.

HYMN 344.

May the grace of Christ o'erflowing,
And the Father's boundless love,
And the Spirit, life bestowing,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide united,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in him delighted,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

103. GALLAGHER. 8. 7.

HYMN 345.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
May we each thy love pos - sessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wilder - ness.

104. ASHTON. 8. 7.

2. Thanks we give, and a - do - ra - tion, For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion, In our hearts and lives a - bound.
E - ver faithful, e - ver faithful, To the truth may we be found.

HYMN 346.

Christians, hail the happy morning
Of the gospel's glorious light;
Earth in beauty now adorning,
Bursts the truth upon our sight.
Blessed Saviour!
Shed abroad that holy light.

Where, amidst the desert dreary,
Plant, nor flower, nor herbage grows,
There refresh the pilgrim weary,
With the sight of Sharon's rose;
And its beauties
To the longing eye disclose.

Where the beasts of prey are prowling,
And the venomed serpents hiss,
There exchange the doleful howling
For the holy calm of peace,
And forever
May destruction's empire cease.

O let all the world adore thee,—
Universal be thy fame;
And all kindreds bow before thee,
To extol thy hallowed name,
All ascribing
Fervent praises to the Lamb.

HYMN 347.

Lo! he comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus evermore shall reign!

Now the dead awake from slumber,
Free, immortal, glorified,—
Thousands, thousands without number,
All for whom the Saviour died.
Hallelujah!
Glory, honor, joy abide.

Now the bars of death are broken!
Tyrant, thy dominion's o'er!
God the gracious word hath spoken,
Victory is thine no more.
Hallelujah!
Christ the conqueror we adore.

Hail, ye ransomed! ye immortals!
Cast your crowns at Shiloh's feet;
Throng ye now the radiant portals,
Give the glory that is meet.
Hallelujah!
God's high purpose is complete!

HYMN 348.

Angels heard with admiration,
How th' eternal counsel ran;
Wondered at the great salvation,
Wondered at the gracious plan;
And rejoicing,
Sang the love of God to man.

Angels saw the Saviour dying
On the cross, in love to men;
Angels saw his body lying
In the tomb, among the slain;
O how awful
Sin appeared to angels, then!

Angels saw him rise victorious
From the tomb in which he lay;
Never sight was seen more glorious,
Than the angels saw that day,
When the Saviour
Rose, and death resigned his prey.

Hark! what bursts of acclamation
Through th' eternal arches ring!
Angel hosts ascribe salvation
To the now exalted King!
Loud their praises,
"Glory to the Lamb," they sing.

HYMN 349.

Lord, dismiss us hence with gladness,
Be thy people's lot our choice;
In thy love we know not sadness;
In thy love our souls rejoice.
Nought can harm us,
While we hear and know thy voice.

From thy word with food provided,
May we feed thereon and grow;
And by thee, our Saviour, guided,
Through the pathless desert go,
While thy favors
In the streams of mercy flow.

Saviour, keep all evil from us;
Go before us in the way;
Till we reach the land of promise,
Be thy word our guide and stay:
Joy and triumph
Shall be ours in that bright day.

Then, all sin and error over,
All will be divinely bright,
For in love thou wilt discover
All thy glory to our sight,—
God our portion,
God our everlasting light.

105. MOORE. 8. 7.

HYMN 350.

1. Far from mor - tal cares re - treating, Sordid hopes, and vain de - sires,
Here, our will - ing footsteps meeting, Every heart to heav'n aspires.

From the fount of glo - ry beaming, Light ce - lestial cheers our eyes;

Mercy from a - bove proclaiming Peace and par - don from the skies.

106. GIHON. 8. 7. CHRISTIAN LYRE.

2. Who may share this great sal - vation? Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue and nation, From the stains of guilt re - fined.

Blessings all a - round be - stowing, God withholds his care from none;

Grace and mercy e - ver flowing From the fountain of his throne.

HYMN 351.

Love divine, all love excelling,
  Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
  All thy faithful mercies crown:
Saviour, thou art all compassion;
  Pure, unchanging love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
  Enter every trembling heart.

Come, thou mighty to deliver,
  Let us all thy grace receive;
May thy light return, and never,
  Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
  Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Bless and praise thee without ceasing,
  Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation;
  Pure and spotless let us be;
May we see thy great salvation,
  Perfectly restored by thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 352.

Praise the Lord by whose kind favor
  Heavenly truth has reached our ears:
May its sweet reviving savor
  Cheer our hearts and calm our fears!
TRUTH—how sacred is the treasure!
  Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
  Which from other sources flow.

May our souls, thy truth possessing,
  Which to-day our ears have heard,
Feel for evermore the blessing
  By thy grace divine conferred.
Till thou take us hence for ever,
  Saviour, guide us with thine eye;
This our aim, our sole endeavor,
  Thine to live, and thine to die!

HYMN 353.

Glory to the ever-living,
  Bounteous Source of love divine;
Praise, and honor, and thanksgiving,
  Evermore, O Lord, be thine.
May thy full and free salvation
  Lauded be by every voice;
And, in grateful adoration,
  May we in thy love rejoice.

HYMN 354.

Cease, ye mourners! cease to languish
  O'er the grave of those ye love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
  Enter not the world above.
While in darkness ye are straying,
  Lonely in the deep'ning shade;
Glory's brightest beams are playing
  Round the ransomed spirit's head.

Cease, ye mourners! cease to languish
  O'er the grave of those ye love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
  They are chanting hymns above;
Light and peace at once deriving
  From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
  They shall never, never die.

HYMN 355.

Peace be to this congregation,
  Peace to every soul therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
  Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver;
  Peace, to sordid minds unknown;
Peace Divine, that lasts forever,
  Here erect thy glorious throne.

Prince of Peace, in love be near us,
  Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy blessed presence cheer us,—
  Let thy sacred kingdom come.
Raise to heaven our expectation:
  Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
  In the realms of bliss above.

HYMN 356.

Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee,
  For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
  And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor;
  This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
  Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
  Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
  From the paths of death away:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
  Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Fill my soul with holy feeling,
  Let my life thy praise express.

107. CALVARY. 8. 7. 4.

HYMN 357.

1. Come, thou soul-trans - form - ing spi - rit, Bless the sower and the seed! Let each heart thy grace in - he - rit, And each soul thy coun - sel heed. O may mer - cy, O may mer - cy, Here sup - ply the grace we need!

108. TAMWORTH. 8. 7. 4.

2. Help us all to seek the blessing, Which thou waitest now to give; And may we the truth pos - sessing, Ever - more its joy receive,— And for e - ver, And for e - ver, In its blessed spirit live.

HYMN 358.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky!
'It is finished!'
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

'It is finished!'—Oh, what pleasure
Do these sacred words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
'It is finished!'—
Saints, the dying words record!

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 359.

Blessed Saviour, aid thy servant
To proclaim thy boundless love!
May we feel devotion fervent,
And the word of truth approve;
Bless, O bless us,
From thy shining courts above.

While thy truth and grace invite us
To partake thy gospel feast,
May thy spirit-power unite us,
Each to thee a willing guest:
O receive us,
To thy holy promised rest.

HYMN 360.

With commingling joy and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay!
He has burst his bands asunder,
And to death is not a prey!
Joy, and wonder!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day!

Jesus conquers! they who slew him,
Where is all their triumph now?
In immortal glory view him—
Angel-hosts around him bow!
Crown of honor,
See it placed upon his brow!

Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Honor him as Lord and King!
Earth's extended, utmost regions,
Yet his wondrous praise shall sing!
With his glory,
Heaven's high courts shall ever ring!

HYMN 361.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all the journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 362.

Lord, to us thy word is precious—
Thy redeeming love we sing;
Thou art ever, ever gracious,
Mediator, Priest and King:
May thy people,
Evermore thy glory sing.

May we feel thy full salvation,
In thy grace forever grow;
And may every tribe and nation,
Thy redemption fully know:
That thy glory
All the earth may overflow.

HYMN 363.

Lo! the Lord, the mighty Saviour,
Quits the grave, the throne to claim;
Object of his Father's favor,
God o'er all exalts his name;
And the angels,
Him as Lord of all proclaim.

Shout for joy—with songs of praises,
Ye, who in his name delight:
Shout—for God, our Saviour raises
To his throne, in endless might!
'Tis Jehovah,
Crowns our Lord in realms of light!

God his servant lifts to glory,
Bids him all his honors share;
Now, Jehovah, we adore thee,
And thy righteous will declare,
Endless praises,
Shall mankind for thee prepare.

HYMN 364.

1. Blessed Saviour, we a - dore thee, And thy sacred name con - fess;

While we now appear be - fore thee, Con - de - scend our souls to bless. May thy

spirit and thy word, Inward peace and joy af - ford, Inward peace and joy af - ford.

110. STREETER. 8. 7. 7. SONGS OF ZION.

2. May we now with zeal and fervor, Own thy just and righteous cause;

Bless thee as our kind Pre - server, And obey thy ho - ly laws. Let not words but

actions show, What to truth and grace we owe, What to truth and grace we owe.

HYMN 365.

One there is, above all others,
  Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
  Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove.
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
  Could, or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
  Reconciled in him to God;
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

When he lived on earth ill-treated,
  Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory seated,
  He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

O, for grace, our hearts to soften!
  Teach us, Lord, like him to love;
We, alas, forget too often
  What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN 366.

God has turned my grief to gladness,
  He has made my heart rejoice;
I, who once repined in sadness,
  Now can raise my cheerful voice.
Gracious blessing! how divine!
I can call the Saviour MINE!

O how brief is his displeasure!
  As a moment it appears;
But his love is without measure,
  Still the same through endless years.
Weeping may the night employ,
But the morning dawns in joy.

Jesus smiles, and from his favor
  Life, and light and blessing flow;
O for faith that does not waver!
  Lord, on me this faith bestow.
Blessed is thy people's lot,
Since thy promise changes not!

O that I may praise him ever,
  And obey him evermore!
From his love death cannot sever,
  For its reign will soon be o'er,—
And in his blest courts above,
We shall live in deathless love!

HYMN 367.

Hark, ten thousand harps and voices,
  Sound the notes of praise above—
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
  Jesus reigns the Lord of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules by grace alone.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
  All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life—thy smile enlightens,
  Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

King of Glory, reign forever,
  In thy own divine renown!
Nothing from thy love can sever;
  Nothing dim thy radiant crown!
'Tis the glory of thy grace,
To redeem a sinful race.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
  Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the joyful summons hearing,
  We from earth shall soar away,
In thy blissful courts to sing,
"Glory, Glory to our King!"

HYMN 368.

Lo, he comes! let all adore him!
  'Tis the Lord of grace and truth!
Haste; prepare the way before him,
  Make the rugged places smooth.
Lo, he comes! and his reward
Cometh with the mighty Lord!

See, around him streams are flowing,
  In the desert waste and wild!
See around him flowers are growing,
  Where before no verdure smiled!
Earth, in glorious vestments clad,
In the reign of grace is glad.

Where the thorn and brier flourished,
  Blooming trees are seen to grow,
Planted by the Lord, and nourished
  By the peaceful river's flow.
See! they rise on every side!
See! they spread their branches wide!

In the Lord's most holy mountain,
  We his love divine shall see;
There behold the sacred fountain,
  Which is ever flowing free.
There shall we in joy accord,
Glory to our mighty Lord!

111. BATH ABBEY. 8. 7.

HYMN 369.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue;

Join, my soul, with every creature— Join the u - ni - - versal song.

For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of fu - ture joy,

Sound his praise through earth and heaven— Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.

112. BARTIMEUS. 8. 7.

"Mercy, O thou Son of David!" Thus the blind Bar - timeus prayed;

"Others by thy word are saved; Now to me af - - ford thine aid."

HYMN 370.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint, while such a river
In its full abundance flows!
Who repine, since God the giver,
Every needful grace bestows!

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Real joys, and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 371.

Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken:
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious:
Never shall his promise fail,—
God hath made his saints victorious:
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

HYMN 372.

Zion's king shall reign victorious:
All the earth shall own his sway;
His dominion shall be glorious,
Nor shall ever pass away.

Mighty King! thy love revealing,
Now thy holy cause maintain!
Bring the nations, humbly kneeling,
Now to own thy blessed reign.

HYMN 373.

'Mercy, O thou Son of David!'
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid.

Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still,
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
'Come, and ask me what you will.'

Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

'Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let me see the light of day!'
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

Christians! hear Bartimeus praising,
Publishing to all around,
The redeeming love amazing,
In the Savior's might he found.

Lord of all! thy truth unfolding,
May the blind thy glory see;
And, thy boundless love beholding,
Gladly follow only thee.

HYMN 374.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken—
'O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

'Cares and heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

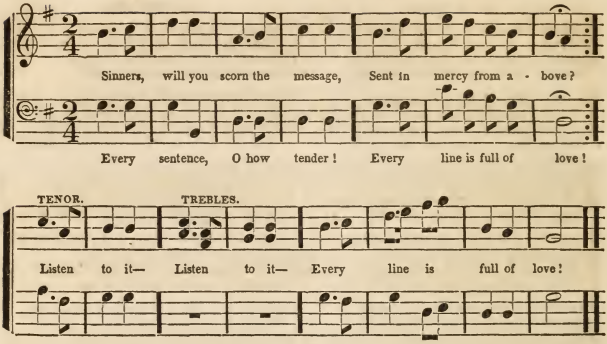
'Ye no more, your suns descending—
Waning moons, no more shall see;
But your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

'God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.'

HYMN 375.

Now to God, in adoration,
Bend the knee and lift the voice;
In his great and free salvation,
Children of his love, rejoice.

His free grace shall flow forever!
Sons of men, on him rely!
His redemption faileth never—
Glory be to God on high!



HYMN 376.

Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

HYMN 377.

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine!
Lord, I make a full surrender;
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine forever,
Thine, O Lord, forever thine.

Sin, and all its dread oppression,
From my soul shall disappear!
Doubt shall not obtain possession,
For thy truth is ever near!
I will praise thee,
Lord, I feel thy blessing here!

HYMN 378.

Never leave us, nor forsake us,
Thou on whom our souls rely,
Till thou shalt forever take us,
To behold that glory nigh,
Which, though distant,
Fills our longing hearts with joy.

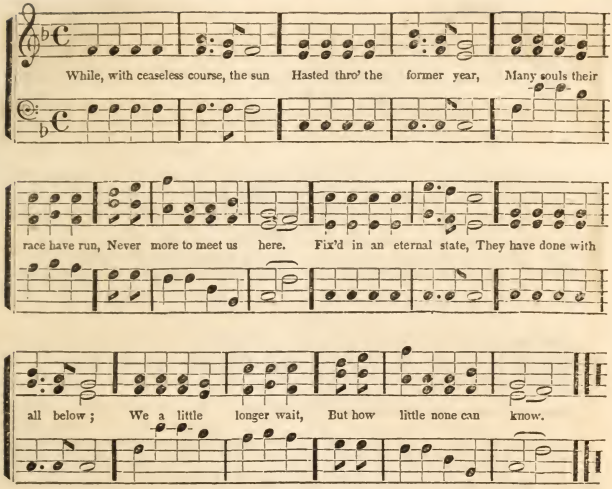
They are blest, and none beside them,
They who hope, O Lord, in thee;
They are blest, though all deride them,
For thy truth hath made them free.
Joys await them,—
Where thou art, they hope to be.

Joys await them without measure,
Which thy boundless love will grant;
Rivers of eternal pleasure,
For which now thy people pant,
Shall supply them,
Satisfied their every want.

Hope of thy salvation charms them
From the love of all below;
Hope of thy salvation arms them,
To oppose their every foe:
Hope of glory,
Sweetens toil and lightens woe.

DOXOLOGY.

Thanks, O Lord, be thine forever,
For the mercies that we prove!
Life nor death nor sin can sever
From thy free, thy boundless love!
All the glory
Be ascribed to God above.



HYMN 379.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun
  Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
  Never more to meet us here.
Gone to their eternal state,
  They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
  But how little none can know.

As the rapid arrow flies,
  Quick the destined mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
  Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—
So our brief and transient days
  To their end speed swiftly on;
Soon we pass life's little space,
  Here to-day, to-morrow gone.

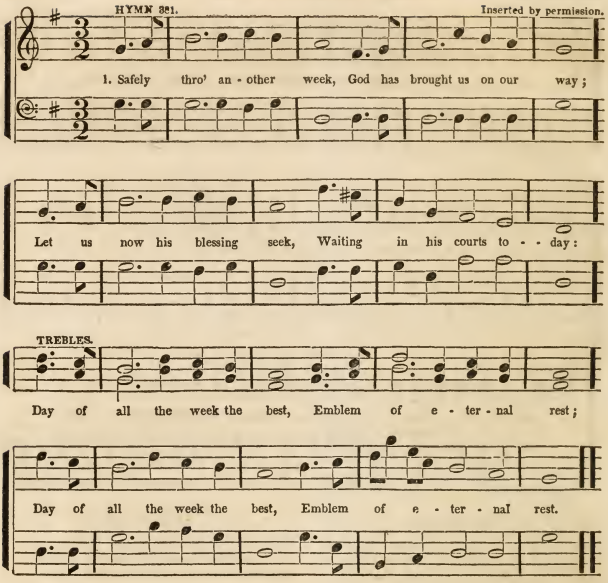
Thanks, for mercies past, receive;
  Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, Lord, by faith to live,
  With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
  Fill our hearts with filial love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
  Take us to thyself above.

HYMN 380.

High in yonder realms of light,
  Dwell the raptured saints above:
Far beyond our feeble sight,
  Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
  Once they knew, like us below,
Cheerful hopes, distressing fears,
  Light and shadow, joy and woe.

Happy spirits! ye are fled,
  Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
  Soothed the anguish of the mind.
Mid the chorus of the skies,
  Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark their songs melodious rise,
  Songs of praise to saving love.

All is tranquil and serene,
  Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
  There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
  Sighs no more shall heave the breast:
Night is lost in endless day,
  Sorrow, in eternal rest.



VERSES 2, 3, 4.

While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;—
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

Here we come thy name to praise:
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints.
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

HYMN 382.

Who shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet?
Who shall at thine altar bend?
Who shall Zion's hill ascend?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest?

He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose word and thought are one;
Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.

He who thus, with heart unstained,
Treads the path by thee ordained,
He shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

HYMN 383.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh:

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is passed,
Safely to the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cleanse my every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art;
May I ne'er depart from thee;
Spring thou up within my heart—
Evermore my Portion be.

HYMN 384.

Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest."
Now within the gate rejoice.
Safe, and own'd, and bought, and blest.
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Owned—by joys the contrite know;
Bought—by love and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pains.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in full belief shall die;
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

HYMN 385.

When I tread the mortal vale,
Where the shades of death prevail,—
Saviour, guide my trembling feet,
Through this last, this still retreat.
Let thy light dispel the gloom,
Resting on the darkling tomb;
Ever guide me, till I stand
In thy own blest spirit-land.

When I bow my sinking head,
Seeking rest among the dead;
When pulsation, faint and slow,
Tells the tide of life runs low,—
May thy gracious love attend,
And sustain me to the end:
I will know no dread alarms,
Dying in thy circling arms.

HYMN 386.

From the holy mount above,
Glowing in the light of love,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"At the feast there yet is room—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

"Thou shalt be a welcome guest,
By the Lord divinely blest;—
In the word of truth believe,—
All thy sinful pleasures leave,
And no more in darkness roam,—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

"God is thy unchanging Friend;
He will love thee to the end,
And at last thy soul convey
To the realms of endless day,
To a blessed, spirit-home,—
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

HYMN 387.

Lord of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee,
From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes,
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thy glories are made known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
Thus in holy songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ—
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

116. PLEYEL. 7s.

HYMN 388.

1. See the lovely blooming flow'r, Fades and withers in an hour!

Soon our dearest comforts fly! Pleasures on - ly bloom to die.

117. QUITO. 7s.

2. See, be - yond the dark - ling tomb, That sweet

flow'r in ra - diant bloom! Fadeless in the heavenly air,

It will bloom for ever there, It will bloom for ever there.

HYMN 389.

Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the cold world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,—
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Mourner in the midst of gloom,
Wailing o'er the fearful tomb;
Light there springeth up for thee;
Mourning pilgrim, come and see.

Pilgrim, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Here, in love forever blest,
Thou shalt find a holy rest.

HYMN 390.

Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Thou wilt not our praise disdain;
Here we shall not pray in vain.

Lord, on thee we all depend—
Unto thee our hearts ascend—
Fill them with thy holy love,
From the living fount above!

In thine own appointed way,
Here we strive in faith to pray;
From thy house we cannot go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Open thou thy blessed word,—
Thou the seals canst open, Lord!
May thy voice of love, impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Walking in thy holy light,
May no darkness dim our sight;
May we ever live in thee,
And thy great salvation see.

HYMN 391.

Bread of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy love is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

Vine of heaven! thy boundless grace
Floweth for our sinful race;
Balm of peace thy mercies give;
To thy cross we look, and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,—
Lord of Life! O may we be
Evermore sustained by thee.

HYMN 392.

To thy temple we repair,—
Lord, we love to worship there:
There, within the vail, we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

When to thee our prayers ascend,
May thine ear in love attend;
While thy grace and truth we sing,
O receive the praise we bring.

When thy word we hear with awe,
May we love thy holy law;
When we hear the gospel voice,
May our souls in thee rejoice.

From thy house when we return,
May our hearts within us burn,
And our lives the record prove,
Of thy rich, redeeming love.

HYMN 393.

"Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus the guardian-angel spoke,
As he watched the dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransomed captive fled.

"Pilgrim, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to the land of rest."

Thus the guardian-angel sang,
As he bore his trust on high,
While with hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

HYMN 394.

Clay to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle—for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
And the spirit unto God.

Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's light,
Glance upon this mortal sight.

Deep the pit and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid;
Chill the darkness, cold the gloom,
Dwelling in the fearful tomb.

Look aloft! the dust to earth,
Spirit to celestial birth!
Born of God in heaven above,
Life of light, and joy, and love!

HYMN 395.

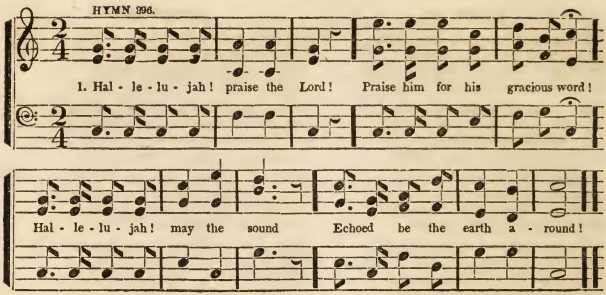
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

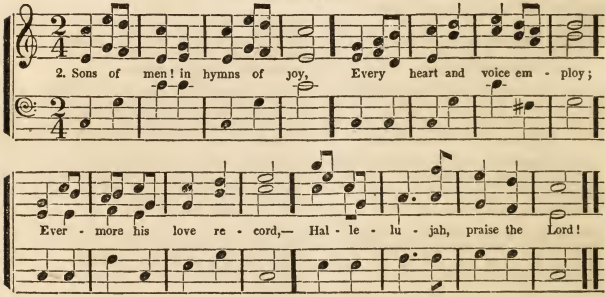
There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join to worship thee,
And, thro' heaven's eternal round,
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!—
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

118. THAYER. 7s. CHANT.



119. BALCH. 7s.



HYMN 397.

Angels, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See, the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne:
Boundless empire is thine own.

Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

HYMN 398.

Lord of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

HYMN 399.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string:
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 400.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Joy attuned angelic breath,
When he triumphed over death.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

HYMN 401.

Hark! the chorus of the sky—
Glory be to God on high!
Earth beneath to heaven above,
Shouts the theme of praise and love!

Ever this our joyous cry,
Glory be to God on high!
Shout the triumph of his love,
Earth beneath and heaven above!

HYMN 402.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, the sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo, he sets in blood no more!

Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died, our souls to save:
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection—thou!

HYMN 403.

Mediator, Son of God,
Spread thy boundless love abroad:
Counsellor, the Prince of peace,
Fill the world with truth and grace.

Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Send thy light around the skies:
Life of all the quick and dead,
Feed our souls with living bread.

Leader of the halt and blind,
Raise to life the sinking mind:
Binder of the broken heart,
Grace to every soul impart.

Opener of the sealed book,
Cause the world therein to look:
Taker of the veil away,
Lead us to eternal day.

YMN 404.

"Give us room that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud;
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

O how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night;
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before,
Buried lies in endless night.

Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

120. PILTON. 7s.

HYMN 405.

1. Saviour, bless thy word to all— Quick and saving may it prove;
O may doubters hear thy call, And be - lievers grow in love!

121. HARTLAND. 7s.

SONGS OF ZION.

2. Thy own gracious record bless,— Follow it with pow'r di - vine;
Give thy gospel great suc - cess,— Ours the bliss—the glo - ry thine.

122. EDYFIELD. 7s.

3. Saviour, bid the world re - joice, In thy truth dif - fused a - broad;
May the nations hear thy voice, Hear it— and re - - turn to God.

HYMN 406.

Earth, with her unnumbered flowers—
Air, with all its beams and showers—
Ocean's wondrous ebb and flow—
Sky's resplendent, living glow—
All around—and all above,
Hath this record—God is Love.

Sounds among the vales and hills—
In the woods and by the rills—
Of the zephyr, and the bird,
On the waving branches heard—
All these sounds, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is Love.

All the hopes and joys that start
From the fountain of the heart,
Breathing of unfading bliss
In a better world than this,—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is Love.

HYMN 407.

Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet!
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

Sing we here the Father's love,
Circling all beneath, above;
Breathing in his every plan,
Grace, good-will, and peace to man.

Sing we here the Son of God,
Who alone the wine-press trod,
Man from error's maze to win,—
Man to save from every sin.

Sing we here the pure delight
Of the spirit's joyous light,—
Truth and grace in mercy given,
Peace with God, and hope of heaven.

HYMN 408.

Light of Life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thy grace impart;
Every fainting soul inspire,—
Shine in every waiting heart.

Every drooping spirit cheer,
Scatter every cloud of gloom;
In thy temple, Lord, appear!
In thy holy blessing, come!

Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

Lord, to this our souls aspire,
We will ask for nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

HYMN 409.

Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

Princes, kings, his power shall own,
Kindreds, tongues, his name adore;
Sin and darkness overthrown,
Man shall be enslaved no more.

Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Lord of all, and Prince of Peace,
Jesus in his love shall reign.

Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

HYMN 410.

Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon with them at home shall be.

"Fear ye not!" 'tis Shiloh's voice,
Bidding us in him rejoice;
"Fear ye not! in me confide,—
I am ever by your side."

Lord, we feel thy gracious power;
Thou art with us every hour!
Still our Guide and Leader be,
And our souls will follow thee.

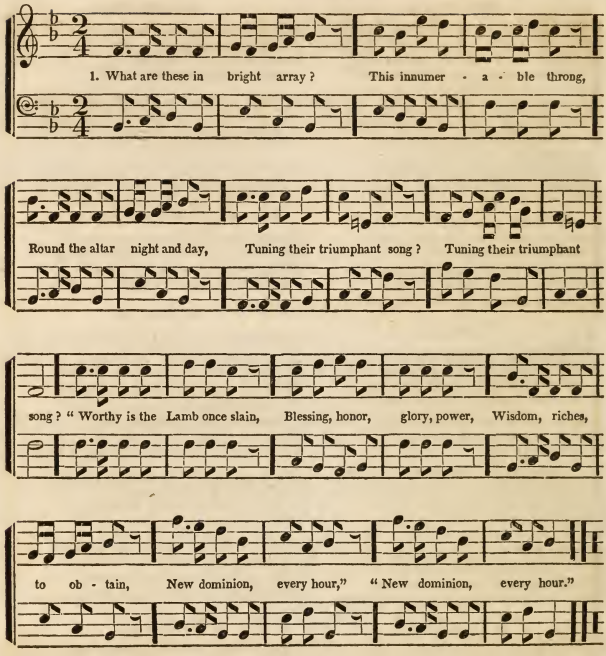
HYMN 411.

Shades of evening! ye have cast
To the earth your woven pall,
And the night is coming fast
Over wood and waterfall.

Dimmer grows the dying light,
Though its beauty lingers yet;
Look!—upon the brow of night,
Like a gem, each star is set!

Bounteous Benefactor! thou
Hast preserved us through the day;
Humbly would we thank thee now,
As we kneel to praise and pray.

While the day of life shall last,
Guide us wheresoe'er we roam:
When the night of death is past,
Take us to thy heavenly home.



HYMN 412.

What are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?

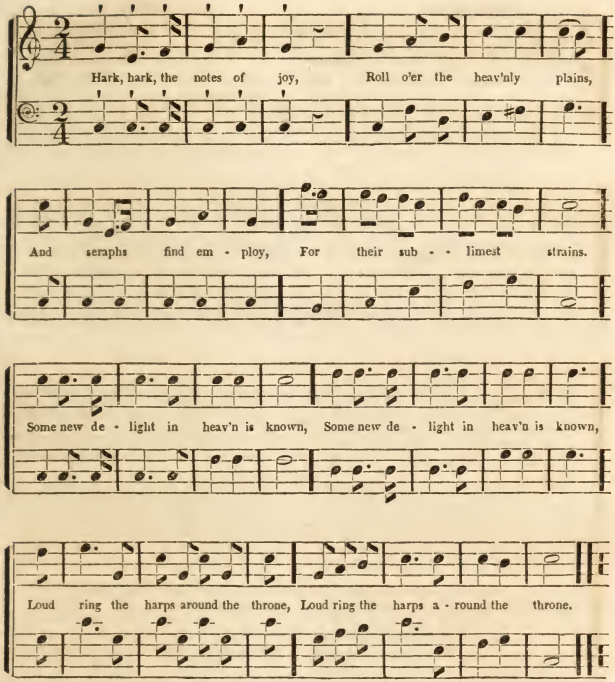
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name.

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed,
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead.

Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away all tears.



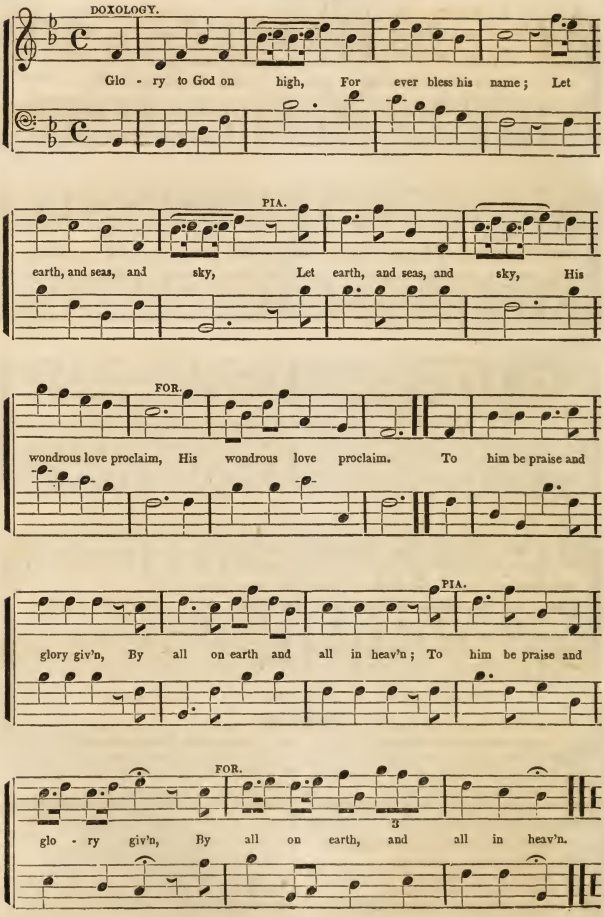
HYMN 413.

Hark, hark, the sounds of joy
  Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ,
  For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

Hark, hark, the sounds draw nigh,
  The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
  To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with tidings of free grace.

Bear,—bear the tidings round,—
  Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
  What pity he can show.
Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
Proclaim the news from pole to pole.

Strike, strike the harps again,
  To Christ, the Saviour's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
  And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men, wake every string,
Join earth and heaven his praise to sing.


DOXOLOGY.
Glo - ry to God on high, For ever bless his name; Let
PIA.
earth, and seas, and sky, Let earth, and seas, and sky, His
FOR.
wondrous love proclaim, His wondrous love proclaim. To him be praise and
PIA.
glory giv'n, By all on earth and all in heav'n; To him be praise and
FOR.
3
glo - ry giv'n, By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

HYMN 414.

Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

HYMN 415.

I sing the gospel day,
When Christ shall finish sin,
His wondrous love display,
And every rebel win:
They prostrate fall, and humbly own
That God, alone, is all in all.

The Saviour, Christ, must reign
Till all his foes submit,
And, saved by him from pain,
Shall worship at his feet;
Shall prostrate fall, and humbly own
That God, alone, is all in all.

Then death itself shall die,
And life triumphant reign;
No more shall sinners sigh
In darkness, guilt, and pain:
Prostrate they fall, and humbly own
That God, alone, is all in all.

HYMN 416.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear—
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMN 417.

To thee, eternal King,
We raise our thankful eyes,
From whom all blessings spring
In earth, and sea, and skies:
Each rolling year thy grace imparts,
And wakes to praise our grateful hearts.

The treasures of thy love
In all directions flow,
And from the fount above
Unceasing gifts bestow:
From this blest fount, indulgent Lord,
Streamed the rich glories of thy word.

O may the golden sun,
Full in his noon-tide blaze,
And e'en the silver moon,
Instruct our hearts to praise;
While all the stars which stud the skies
Beam love, as through unnumbered eyes.

HYMN 418.

Hark! what celestial notes,
What melody, we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravished ear.
The tuneful shell, the golden lyre,
And vocal choir, the concert swell.

Angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See, how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join!
Fear not, said they, great joy we bring:
Jesus, your King, is born to-day.

Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your rapture fly
To earth's remotest bound!
For peace on earth, from God in heaven,
To man is given, at Jesus' birth.

HYMN 419.

Sovereign of worlds above,
And Lord of all below!
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy might and mercy show.
Thy spirit give to seal thy word,
That all may know and love the Lord.

Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon may our Saviour see.
The reign of sin, O Lord, destroy;
The glory thine, and ours the joy.

126. DARWELL. H. M.

HYMN 420.

1. Wel - come, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest! We hail thy glad re - turn: Lord, make these mo - ments blest. From low de- lights and mortal toys, We soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

127. LENOX. H. M.

2. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all thy quickening pow'rs; Dis- close a Saviour's love, And bless these sacred hours: Then shall our souls new life obtain, Nor sabbaths be en - joyed in vain, Nor sabbaths be en - joyed in vain.

HYMN 421.

To your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice proclaim his power,
His name adore, and loud rejoice.

Thou source of light and heat,
Ordained to rule the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray,—
From morn to night, in every beam,
Record his name, the God of Light.

Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise, in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain,—
With countless rays declare his name,
Prolong the theme, reflect his praise.

Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their varied powers,
His might and skill proclaim.
Let nature raise from every tongue,
A thrilling song of grateful praise.

But O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow.
Your voices raise, ye highly blest,—
Above the rest declare his praise.

HYMN 422.

Let all created things
Their cheerful voices raise,
And own the King of kings
With thankful songs of praise.
Creating love should loud be sung,
Through every world, by every tongue.

Let angels, round the throne,
In joyful ranks above,
His power and goodness own,
And his preserving love;
With holy joy his praise proclaim,
And gladly shout your Maker's name.

Let all our favored race,
Wherever they may be,
Sing the Redeemer's grace,
And bow to him the knee:
He died for all,—and to restore
All things, he rose to die no more.

HYMN 423.

How pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the earth rejoice,
And wakes the lovely spring!
Bright suns arise, and zephyrs blow,
And beauties glow in earth and skies.

The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles;
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
His breath perfumes the evening air,
And everywhere his beauty blooms.

With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms.
His gifts divine through all appear,
And through the year his mercies shine.

HYMN 424.

Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise;
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light begin the song.

Let every heart unite
To sound his praise divine;
His truth and love and light,
Can never know decline;
Wide as he reigns, his name be sung,
By every tongue, in joyous strains.

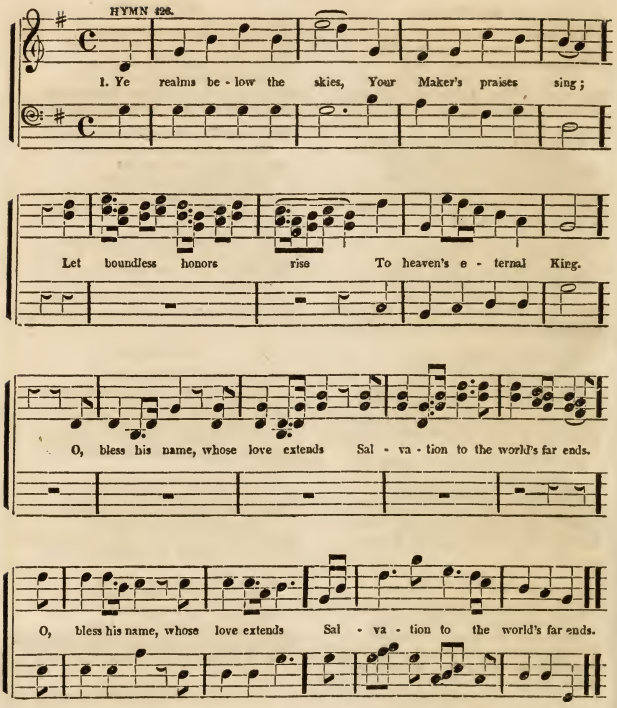
Let all the nations fear
The God of might above,
And every heart revere
The wonders of his love:
While earth and sky attempt his praise,
Our souls shall raise his honors high.

HYMN 425.

On what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow.
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

Now may we dwell in peace
Till here again we come;
And may our love increase
Till thou shalt bring us home.
Then shall we best thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

128. WEYMOUTH. H. M.



Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth;
His sovereign power record,
And show his wonders forth,
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.

'Tis he the mountains crowns
With forests waving wide;
'Tis he old ocean bounds,
And heaves her roaring tide;
He swells the tempests on the main,
Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.

Still let the waters roar,
As round the earth they roll;
His praise for evermore
They sound from pole to pole.
'Tis nature's wild, unconscious song,
O'er thousand waves that floats along.

His praise, ye worlds on high,
Display, with all your spheres,
Amid the darksome sky,
When silent night appears.
O, let his works declare his name,
Through all the universal frame!

HYMN 427.

O Zion, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high!
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

He gilds thy mourning face
With beams which cannot fade:
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round thy form shall view,
With lustre new divinely crowned.

In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise, till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.

HYMN 428.

The Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His truth and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
To write his holy name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join, all my powers, to praise the Lord.

HYMN 429.

Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To praise the all-redeeming Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

O, for a trumpet's voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all, my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died!

HYMN 430.

Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of souls renew'd, and peace with heav'n.

Thou art the Prince of Peace,
Our Leader and our Guide:
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all in thee abide:
Redeemed of thee, in worlds above,
Mankind will sing thy wondrous love.

HYMN 431.

Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore!
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail,
Nor fail the love of heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to Messias given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

He *all* his foes shall quell,
Shall *all* our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope!
Our Lord in love shall come,
And take his ransomed up
To their eternal home:
There every heart and every voice,
Shall evermore in him rejoice.

DOXOLOGY.

Glory to God on high!
For all his love to man;
His glory is displayed
In his redeeming plan.
Rejoice in him, ye sons of men,
And to that plan respond Amen.

129. WARSAW. H. M.

To God the mighty Lord, Your joy - ful thanks re - peat;

To him due praise ac - cord, As good as he is great.

PIA. FOR.

He e - ver proves him - self our Friend,—His grace and truth shall never end.

130. MARINER. H. M.

SONGS OF ZION.

Je - sus, at thy com - mand, I launch in - to the deep, And

glad - ly leave the land Where sin lulls all a - sleep; For thee I fain

would all re - sign, And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

HYMN 432.

Before the world was made,
Or sun or planets shone,
Salvation's base was laid
In God's anointed Son,
Who came to spread the truth abroad,
And reconcile the world to God.

By mercy's hand upheld,
His purpose firmly stands;
And every soul shall yield
To his divine commands.
Tho' slain of men, his pleading breath
Still meekly blest his foes in death!

Now raised to realms above,
Where boundless mercies shine,
He rules in light and love,
And holiness divine.
Forevermore the sinner's Friend,
His grace and truth shall never end.

Hail, all-triumphant hour
In which our Saviour rose!
His grace, in saving power,
For our salvation flows!
His blessed truth he spreads abroad,
To reconcile the world to God.

HYMN 443.

Adapted to Mariner.

Jesus, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And gladly leave the land
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
Relying on my Lord.
I trust thy wondrous skill and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

Though on the pathless deep
Appalling dangers rise,
On him who will not sleep,
My joyous hope relies.
My anchor firmly shall abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves are known no more.

HYMN 434.

All-hail, redeeming Lord!
With joy our eyes behold
The glory of thy word,
In living grace unfold!
Thy love can cleanse the soul from sin,
And breathe a heavenly joy within.

O haste that glorious time,
That era of delight,
When every land and clime
Shall see thy holy light,—
When all shall sing thy worthy praise,
And ever walk in wisdom's ways.

HYMN 435.

Behold the fleecy snow!
Behold the gentle rain!
To heaven, from which they fall,
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore
And call forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man receives supplies
From Providence divine.
The harvest bows its golden ears,
And plenty everywhere appears.

So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
The race of man shall feel its power,
And all be saved, to sin no more.

HYMN 436.

O Lord of glory! come,
And bless thy people here;
Our waiting minds illume;
Our longing spirits cheer.
By thee in truth divinely blest,
In thee alone we seek a rest.

Thy gospel word display,
In all its holy light,
That here, in wisdom's way,
Thy people may unite.
We wait thy blessing from above;
O grant us thy refreshing love!

And when we hence depart,
Thy spirit still bestow,
That so in every heart
Thy blessing we may know.
In thee alone we find a rest,
By thee alone divinely blest.

131. DALLETT. 6. 4.

AIR.

Thou whose almighty word, Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight! Hear us, we

humbly pray, And where the gospel day Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light!"

132. ITALY. 6. 4.

HYMN 437.

1. Glory to God on high! Let earth and skies re - ply, Praise ye his name.

Angels his love adore, Who all our sorrows bore, Saints sing forevermore, Worthy the Lamb.

Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
  Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
  Worthy the Lamb.

What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
  Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
  Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 438.

Thou, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day,
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
O now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

HYMN 439.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died;
Land of our noblest pride;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

My native country! thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let every tongue awake;
Let all who breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God! by thee—
May freedom's blessings be
Spread wide abroad!
Ere long may earth be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protected by thy might,
O Lord, our God!

HYMN 440.

May all our pow'rs of mind,
To God, our Father kind,
An anthem raise;
Whose cloud of glory bright,
With beams of heavenly light,
Dispels the gloom of night;
O sing his praise.

In love to all our race,
He sent his truth and grace,
In saving power;
He breaks oppression's chain,
And, in his heavenly reign,
Delusion, fear and pain,
Are known no more.

His truth's celestial ray,
In wisdom's holy way,
Reveals his love;
His love's celestial light,
Now bursting on the sight,
Unfolds the pure delight
Of courts above.

HYMN 441.

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing—
Help us to praise:—
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

Come, thou eternal Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend:—
Come, and thy people bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

Be thou our comforter;
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:—
Omnipotent thou art:
O, rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

O Holy One! to thee
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore:—
We in thy world of light,
Glowing with pure delight,
With angels shall unite,
Thee to adore.

133. MISSIONARY. 7. 6.

L. Mason.

Inserted by permission.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,— Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,—They call us to de - liver Their land from error's chain.

134. LEONI. 6. 8. 4.

The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; Ancient of ever- lasting days; And God of love. Je - hovah, Great I Am! By earth and heav'n con- fessed; I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For e - ver blessed.

HYMN 442.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft ye winds, the story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, Renovator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

HYMN 443.

To thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear:
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

Thy gracious love possessing
In all my pilgrim road,
My soul shall feel thy blessing
In thy divine abode.
There bowing down before thee,
My every conflict o'er,
My spirit shall adore thee,
Forever, evermore.

HYMN 444.

Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And our Redeemer be.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

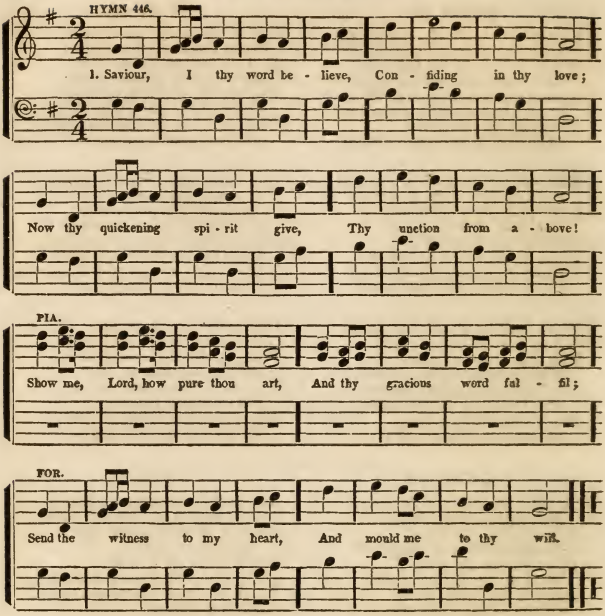
HYMN 445.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days;
And God of Love;
Jehovah, Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blessed.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on angel wings upborne
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

135. AMSTERDAM. 7. 6.



Verses 2—3.

Blessed Comforter, come down,
  And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
  In all things led by thee:
Bid all care and fear depart,
  And within, O deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
  Thy perfect light reveal.

Whom the world cannot receive,
  O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
  Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part,
  And thy holy word fulfil;
Send the Witness to my heart,
  And mould me to thy will.

HYMN 447.

Now, e'en now, to thee I yield,
  And with my sorrows part;
Saviour, to my faith revealed,
  O fill my longing heart!
Doubts and fears have fled away,—
  My Redeemer thee I call;
Now I see the perfect day—
  And thou art all in all.

Saviour, every heart inspire,
  With that pure love of thine,—
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
  To brighten and refine.
Purify our hearts like gold;
  All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
  Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 448.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a spirit born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

HYMN 449.

Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name:
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Him Prince of Peace proclaim.
Praise him, every tuneful string;
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King.
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

HYMN 450.

Great is our redeeming Lord,
In power and truth and grace;
Him, by angel-hosts adored,
Believers ever praise.
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
And all his greatness show.

For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay;
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display.
With thy name thy praise is known,—
Glorious thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own,
Thy works are all divine.

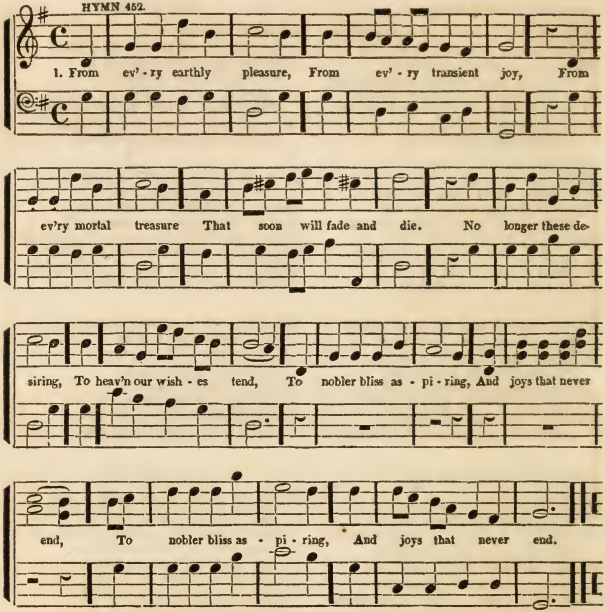
In thy gracious love secure,
We rest upon a rock;
All thy promises are sure,—
Abiding every shock.
May our spirits ever rest,
In thy eternal love,
Here therein be always blest,
And blest therein above.

HYMN 451.

Saviour, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now display thy saving power,
And o'er the nations reign.
Open thou the radiant scene,
Of thy triumph all divine,
That the gloomy reign of sin,
May evermore decline.

Universal Saviour! thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
None shall in thy mount destroy,—
Sin defile the earth no more,—
Angels shall be filled with joy,
And all mankind adore.

When, according to thy word,
Salvation is revealed,—
Unto thee, redeeming Lord,
The hearts of men shall yield.
Open thou the radiant scene,—
In all thy glory shine,
That thy reign may now begin,
The reign of love divine.



VERSES 2, 3.

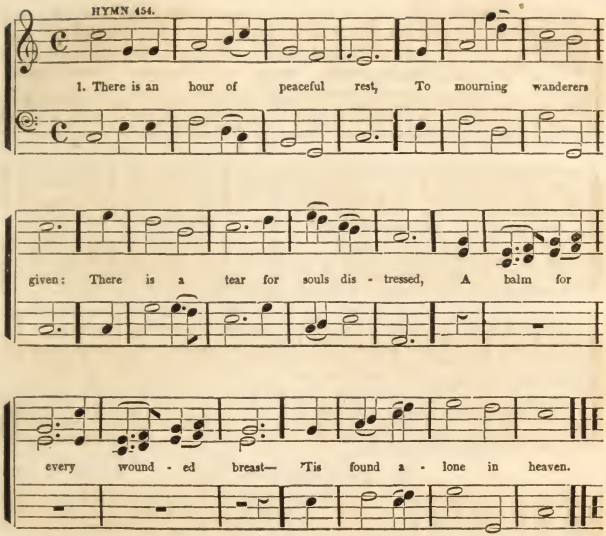
From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In gladness and delight.

Though now we are but strangers,
And pilgrims here below;
Though countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
There is a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

HYMN 453.

The joyful scene before us,
Demands a thankful song;
While angels, hovering o'er us,
The notes of praise prolong:
O'er sin and death victorious,
Our Saviour reigns above;
The triumph has been glorious
Of his redeeming love.

The joyful scene before us,
May well attune each voice,
To join the angel-chorus,
And in our Lord rejoice!
His all-redeeming spirit,
Mankind shall yet restore,
And man, in love, inherit
His blessing evermore.



There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
This hope each rising fear controls
—All is serene in heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN 455.

This world is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There 's something here of heaven.

And he who walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray;
Feels something here of heaven.

He that the Christian course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Hath measured out life's little span,
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

HYMN 456.

Sing hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord;
O praise him for his gracious word,
And in his truth rejoice.

By him in mercy ever blest,
To him our thanks we owe;
Of his redeeming grace possessed,
Our souls enjoy a heavenly rest,
Begun on earth below.

138. WINCHESTER. 6s.

O where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul, When darkness

looms around, And waves of anguish roll! Where shall we find repose—

Whither, O whither, flee! Where find relief from woes, Where sorrow will not be!

139. MEREDITH. 6s.

SONGS OF ZION.

Once more be - fore we part, Bless the Re - deemer's name;

Let every tongue and heart, His wondrous grace pro - claim.

Let every tongue and heart, His wondrous grace proclaim.

HYMN 457.

Adapted to Winchester.

O where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul—
When darkness looms around,
And waves of anguish roll?
Where shall we find repose—
Whither, O whither flee?
Where find relief from woes,
Where sorrow will not be?

Blooming the flowers may grow—
Bright be the sky above—
Warmly our hearts may glow,
In friendship's holy love.
But clouds of deepest gloom
Come o'er the brightest sky;
And friends, like flowers that bloom,
Soon wither, fade, and die!

There is a Friend on high,
Who bids us trust in Him:
His grace is ever nigh—
His eye is never dim!
Lord, on thy loving breast
We will in faith repose;
There find a welcome rest,
From all our cares and woes.

HYMN 458.

Adapted to Meredith.

Once more before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Let every tongue and heart
His wondrous grace proclaim—
Let every tongue and heart
His wondrous grace proclaim.

Lord, in thy name we come;
Thy blessing still impart;
We met in Shiloh's name,
In Shiloh's name we part.

Still on thy holy word,
We'll live and feed and grow;
Go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
May every tongue and heart
Thy wondrous love proclaim—
May every tongue and heart
Thy wondrous love proclaim.

HYMN 459.

Adapted to Winchester.

O Thou, whose light divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love,
Amid the darkness shine,
To guide our souls above!
Thy loving still small voice
Hath cheered our pilgrim-way:
In thee will we rejoice,
Though earthly hopes decay.

Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the vale of death,
A smile of glory wear!
Eternal thanks be thine,
Author of all our joys!
Thou didst our hearts incline
To hear thy pardoning voice.

Thy ever-gracious will
To bless has never failed,
And scenes of seeming ill,
Were blessings not unveiled;
Strong in thy faith, may we
Still on thy love rely;
Lord, may we live to thee,
And in thy favour die.

HYMN 460.

Adapted to Meredith.

The God who reigns alone,
O'er earth and sea and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high—
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.

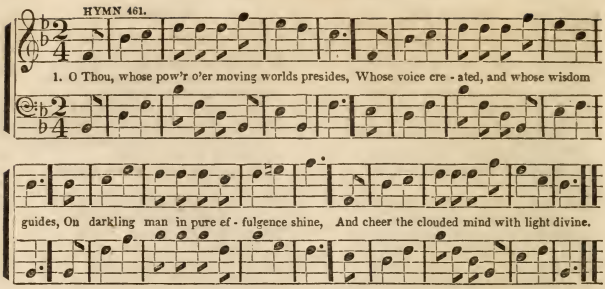
Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The boundless source of love,
The great Creator, know.

He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind;
And only he may claim
The worship of mankind.

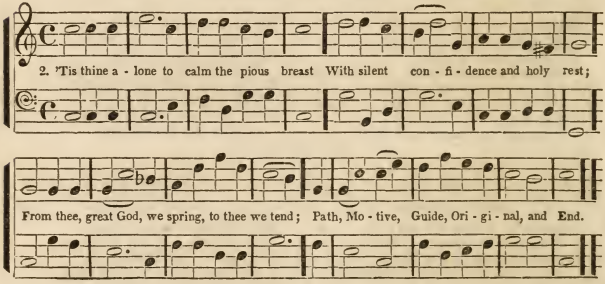
But through his gracious Son,
His mercies he displays;
And through his Son we own
The rapture of our praise—
And through his Son we own
The rapture of our praise.

140. SAVANNAH. 10s.

HYMN 461.



141. WILLIAMSTOWN. 10s. SONGS OF ZION.



HYMN 462.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
But fixed his word, his saving power remains,—
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

HYMN 463.

Again the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety—and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian—and in death our Friend;
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

HYMN 464.

Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill the breast!
When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

Fain would I mount, and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

HYMN 465.

Thou great Supreme—thou only just and true,
To thee alone, are praise and glory due;
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honors to thy holy name.

Thou art our God! we pay our praise to thee,
Low at thy feet we bow th' adoring knee;
Shine through the earth, exert thy sovereign sway,
And bid the erring world thy laws obey.

Thy throne, O God, forever shall endure;
Thy word of promise stands forever sure;
Thy justice shall to all the earth be shown,
And thou shalt reign, almighty and alone.

Zion rejoice!—exalt the Saviour's name;
His arm shall fill thy foes with burning shame;
Then to his name, let loud hosannas rise,
From all below, and all above the skies.

HYMN 466.

From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

He is the Lord, by prophets long foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf—and all ye blind, behold!
He comes to make his saving grace abound,
Wherever sin and sorrow may be found.

142. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 5. 6.

1. How wondrous and great, Thy works, God of praise, How just, King of saints, And true are thy ways! O who shall not fear thee, And ho - nor thy name! Thou on - ly art holy, Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.

143. STOCKWELL. 5. 6.

2. To na - tions long dark, Thy light shall be shown; Their wor - ship and vows, Shall come to thy throne. Thy truth and thy judgments, Shall spread all abroad, Till earth's ev'ry peo - ple, Con - fess thee their God, Till earth's ev'ry peo - ple, Con - fess thee their God.

HYMN 468.

How charmingly sounds
The word of the Lord,
Where witness abounds
That man is restored!
How rich our possession
In glory shall be,
From sin and pollution
Forever set free!

With joy we record
The truth and the grace,
Of Jesus our Lord
To all of our race.
Enjoying his spirit,
The spirit of love,
Mankind shall inherit
His blessing above.

The record is true,
And witness is given,
Our hearts to imbue
With graces of heaven.
O may our devotion
In purity flow,
And every emotion
With gratitude glow.

HYMN 469.

Ye servants of Christ,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

He ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh;
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

HYMN 470.

Thy grace we adore,
Creator divine!
The kingdom and power,
And glory are thine!
No evil can sever
Our spirits from Thee!
Thy blessing forever
Is boundless and free!

O may we e'er learn
Thy word to fulfil;
And ever discern
The love of thy will,—
Till bowing before thee,
We hallow thy name,
Ascribing all glory
To God and the Lamb!

HYMN 471.

O praise ye the Lord,
Extol ye his name,
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim.
To God our Creator,
Creation should raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise.

And man, his last work,
With reason endued,
Corrupted by sin,
By mercy renewed,—
To God his Redeemer,
With joy let him raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

HYMN 472.

How glorious the Lord
Is seen on his throne!
His labours are o'er,
His conquests put on.
A kingdom is given
Into the Lord's hand,
In earth and in heaven,
Forever to stand.

Believers below,
O trust in the Lord;
Confide in the grace
Revealed in his word.
Athirst for his favor,
His mercy adore;
Rejoice in your Saviour,
And joy evermore.

Hymns 467—476 inclusive, are adapted to either of the tunes on pages 156, 158.

144. LYONS. 10. 11.

HYMN 473.

1. O publish abroad Im - manuel's birth; All glo - ry to God, and peace upon earth!

The wonderful fa - vor of heaven we find, Conferred in the Saviour and Friend of mankind.

145. ST. MICHAEL'S. 10. 11.

2. O let us behold Messiah the Lord, By prophets foretold, by an - gels a - dored;

The news of sal - vation through Shiloh proclaim; Let all of each nation, rejoice in his name.

146. CHESHUNT. 10. 11.

3. Im - ma - nuel's love let sinners con - fess, Who comes from above, All people to bless.

Let ev' - ry be - liever his mercy a - dore, And praise him for - e - ver when time is no more.

HYMN 474.

O praise ye the Lord—prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join:
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King:
The God whom we worship our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.

Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn;
For those who obey him are still his delight—
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

Then praise ye the Lord—prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

HYMN 475.

O praise ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

Ye angels above, whose anthems divine,
In loftiest notes, are sounding his praise,
With you in the rapture our spirits shall join,
And sing of the blessings our Saviour displays.

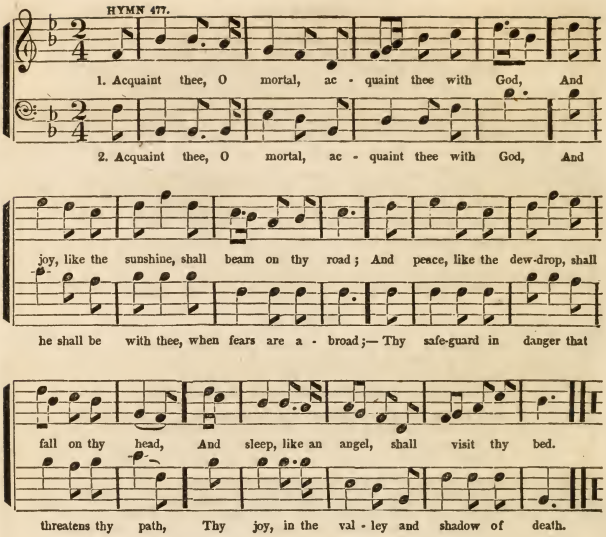
HYMN 476.

O worship the King all glorious above!
O gratefully sing his unsearchable love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Whose love is the splendour, inspiring to praise!

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail;
In Thee is our trust, which never can fail!
Thy mercies how tender! how sure to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!

O wonderful might! ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble our lays,
With true adoration, shall echo thy praise.

O may we e'er be, in all of our ways,
Devoted to thee in worship and praise;
And ever possessing thy grace in our hearts,
Enjoy the rich blessing thy wisdom imparts.



HYMN 478.

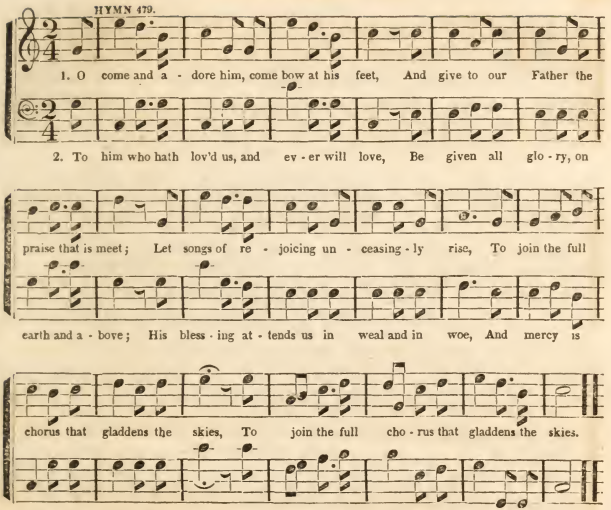
O thou who, in mourning o'er friends who depart,
Desirest the comforts which faith can impart,
And prayest from doubting and gloom to be free,—
The voice of the Spirit is whispering to thee.

O heed thou its teachings, and learn to confide
In him who is ever our Guardian and Guide;
In meekness rely on the mercy above,—
The words of the Saviour are breathings of love.

O thou who art praying that mercy may win,
All nations and kindreds from error and sin,—
Attend thou in silence, and ponder thy plea;—
The voice of the Spirit is whispering to thee.

Our Father and Saviour is better than thou;—
Believe in his wisdom, and gratefully bow,—
Rejoice in the grace of the heavenly Dove—
The words of the Saviour are breathings of love.

The reign of transgression and darkness shall cease,
For mercy will prosper the kingdom of peace;
And when thou art praying that thus it may be,
The voice of the Spirit is whispering to thee.



HYMN 480.

To Thee, O my Saviour, to Thee will I cling,
For Thou art my Lord, my Redeemer and King;
And feeling Thy blessing, my spirit shall know,
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

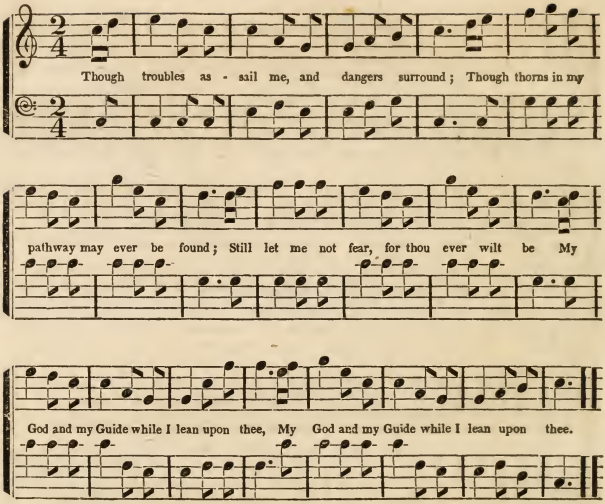
Farewell to the anguish of doubt and despair,
And welcome the rapture of praise and of prayer,
Since, meekly confiding, in faith I rejoice,
To hear the sweet tones of Thy comforting voice.

Around me there shineth the heavenly ray
Which scattereth clouds and their shadows away,
And melteth my soul in devotional glow,—
For mercy is with me wherever I go.

Farewell to the pleasures which time can afford,
Since Thou art my glory, my Saviour and Lord;
Nor fear I the darkness of death and the tomb,
Since Thou art my Light in the midst of the gloom.

Before me there gloweth, around and above,
The pledges of favour, the tokens of love;
And gratitude teacheth my spirit to know,
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

149. EDGARTON. 11s.



HYMN 481.

Though troubles assail me, and dangers surround,
Though thorns in my pathway may ever be found,
Still let me not fear, for Thou ever wilt be,
My God and my Guide while I lean upon Thee.

The sweet buds of promise may fade ere they bloom,
The hopes which are earth-born, lie low in the tomb;
And though my life's pathway seem weary to me,
I shall gather new strength as I lean upon Thee.

Though bound to the world by the heart's dearest ties,
Though earth's fairest scenes are outspread to my eyes,
O never, my Father! permit me to be
Found trusting to reeds,—let me lean upon Thee.

In all my afflictions, O let me still feel,
That Thou, who hast smitten, wilt graciously heal;
And let thy rich promise my Comforter be,—
While trusting in mercy I lean upon Thee.

And in the last hour, when my spirit may stay
No longer on earth, but is summoned away,—
Amid those bright scenes, which no mortal may see,
Let me joy in Thy love, as I lean upon Thee.

HYMN 482.

O why should the hearts of believers be sad,
  Or religion be clothed in the vestments of gloom?
In heaven above there are none but the glad,
  And we are their kindred, and heaven's our home.

Mourn we for the dead—for the dearly loved dead—
  Who've left us, (how early!) to linger behind?
They live in our Saviour, our own living Head,
  And in him, once more, we with them shall be joined.

Weep we for the living—the cruel, the vain,
  The proud and self-righteous, who scoff at our faith?
All-powerful Love even *them* will reclaim—
  Unbelief will be lost in the life beyond death.

The ends of the earth—all the offspring of God—
  Shall with us be saved, and Jehovah adore;—
All suffering shall cease, sin and death be destroyed—
  O what can the souls of believers ask more!

Then rend from religion the drapery of gloom,
  And banish forever all doubt and despair;
Let Faith, Hope and Love every moment illume,
  And good-will to man be the heart's constant prayer.

By the light of the gospel, earth's valley of tears
  Is arched o'er with rainbows that smile as they weep;
And evil's dark cloud fades in skies that it clears,
  Till death, even death's but a child's peaceful sleep.

Then, oh let believers, o'er fast-flitting hours,
  Spread the bliss that our faith and our duty adorns,
Till Time, growing hopeless of reaping life's flowers,
  Shall take from us only its sorrows and thorns! A. B. G.

HYMN 483.

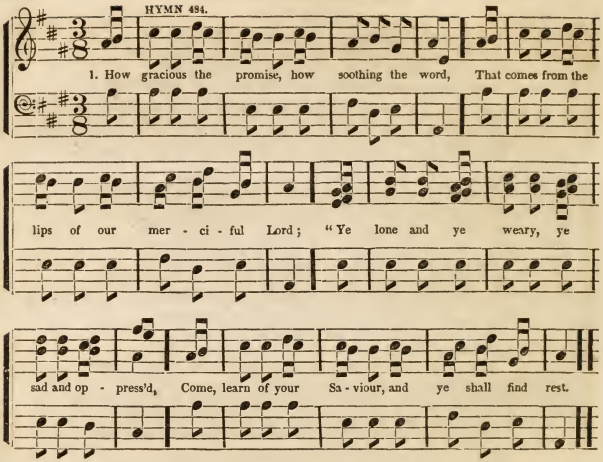
O come to Mount Zion, the mount of the Lord!
  Come breathe of the odour of Sharon's bright rose,
Where olives and vines spread their branches abroad,
  And hallow its beauty with peace and repose.

Come ye who are thirsty, and drink of the fount!
  Come worship in beauty of holiness here;
Jehovah of nations is King of the mount!
  Come yield him the heart in devotional fear.

The Lamb of the pasture, whose blood hath made white
  The robes of all nations beneath the broad skies,
Shall lead you to waters of life and delight,
  And God shall wipe softly the tears from all eyes.

Ye who are an hungered, in thankfulness come,
  And freely partake of the life-giving bread;
In mansions of mercy there ever is room,
  And ever the feast is abundantly spread.

O come to Mount Zion, the holy of God!
  And sing the new song of salvation and praise;
Come walk in the pathway our Saviour hath trod,
  And follow in meekness the least of his ways. S. C. E.



VERSES 2, 3, 4.

Ye heart-stricken sons and ye daughters of woe,
For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow;
Your souls to the blessed Redeemer unite;—
His yoke it is easy, his burden is light.

And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in "the light, and the truth, and the way;"
Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart;
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.

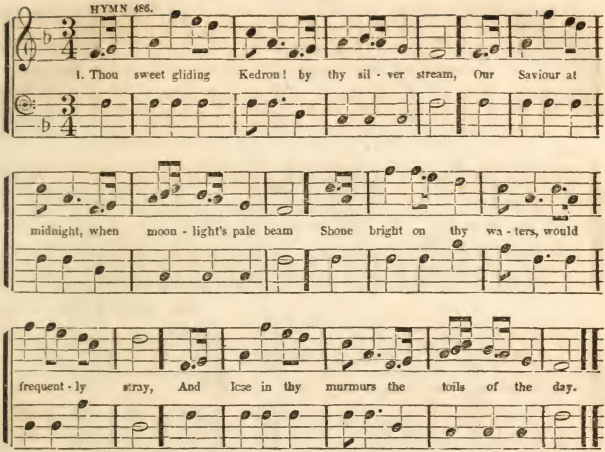
Now thanks be to him who hath given us light,
The way of the Christian is easy and bright;
And humbly when touched by the chastening rod,
He bows to the will of his Father and God.

HYMN 485.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Ye who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

In every condition—in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, so thy succour shall be.

He who on the Saviour hath leaned for repose,
Hath found a safe refuge from sorrows and woes;
This blessed assurance, no trial shall shake,
That, Jesus will never—no, never forsake.



How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonished, beheld the sad sight,
And watched o'er the Saviour with solemn delight.

O garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!

O come and behold him! come bow at his feet!
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
To join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

HYMN 487.

O why should we mourn, when the summons of death
Requires the frail mortal to yield up his breath?
O why, when our loved ones are called to depart,
Say why, then, should sorrow oppress the lone heart?

And why, when we view the pale corse of our friend,
Should sorrow oppress us, our bosoms to rend;
When we feel, when we *know* that a meeting above,
Shall be ours in the mansions of Infinite love?

Nay, should we not rather be glad of decay,
Since earth and its pleasures are passing away?
When true hearts have withered, and fond ones have flown,
O who would inhabit this bleak world alone!

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm after

storm rises thick o'er the way; The few lurid moments that shine on us here, Are e-

nough for life's woes,—full enough for its cheer.

153. HINTON. 11s.

The Lord is our

Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide; What - e - ver we want he will

kind - ly pro - vide; To sheep of his pas - ture his mercies a-

bound, His care and pro - tection his flock will sur - round.

HYMN 488.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode!
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

HYMN 489.

The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide;
Whatever we want he will kindly provide;
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound;
His care and protection his flock will surround.

The Lord is our shepherd—what, then, shall we fear?
Shall dangers affrighten us while he is near?
O, no—when he calls us, we'll walk through the vale,
The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.

Afraid by ourselves to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay:
We know, by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To life and to glory it brings us at last.

The Lord is become our salvation and song;
His blessings have followed us all our life long;—
His name will we praise while he lends to us breath,
Be joyful through life, aad resigned in our death.

HYMN 490.

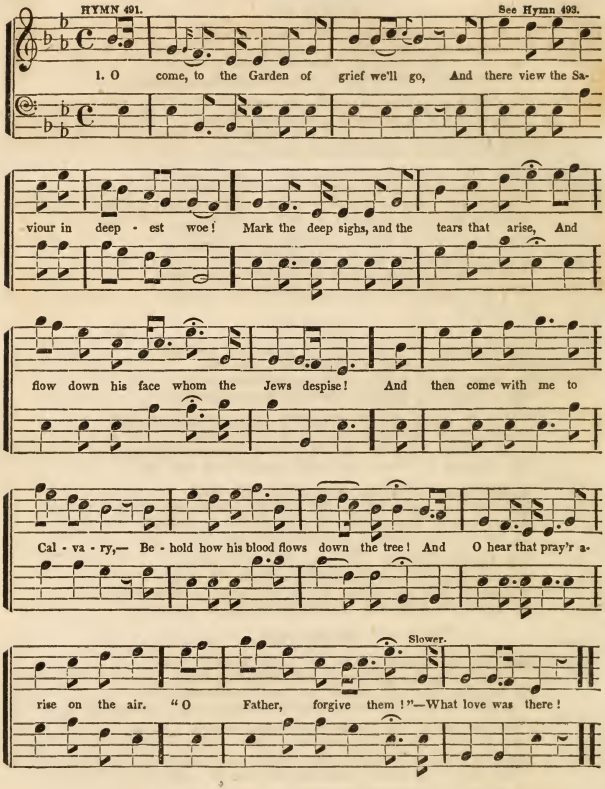
The Lord is my shepherd—no want shall I know;
  I feed in green pastures—safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
  Restores me when wandering—redeems when oppressed.

Through valley and shadow of death though I stray,
  Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me—thy staff be my stay;
  No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

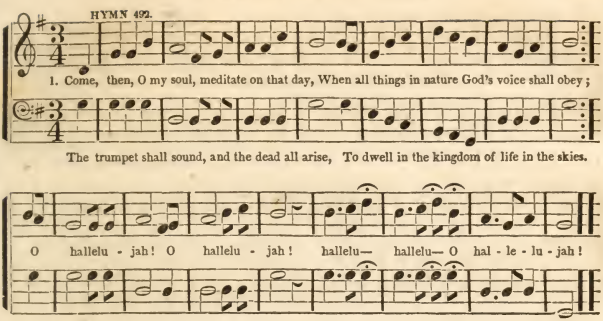
In midst of affliction my table is spread;
  With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
  O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
  Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
  In days of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

154. BROWNE.



2. Our Jesus still lives, and his love is the same;
He triumphs in glory who died in shame!
He weeps no more, and his own sovereign grace
Shall wipe off the tears from each weeping face.
Then let us love *him* who loved his foes,
Whose Gospel has balm to heal our woes;
His grace be our song while we have breath,
Our pillow, his arm, in the hour of death. L. C. B.



2. With wonder and joy, every eye shall behold
The portals of light and of glory unfold!
Heav'ns arches shall ring—the Saviour appear—
The news of salvation shall greet every ear.

3. The deaf shall all hear, and the dumb shall all sing;
The blind shall discover that Jesus is King;
The lame shall all walk, and the mourners rejoice—
The poor and the simple believe in his voice.

4. No thunders of wrath or of terror shall roll,
But breathings of mercy shall gladden each soul;
Our Lord shall be crowned the Redeemer of men,
And all shall unite in a joyful Amen!

5. All evil destroyed, every sorrow shall cease,
And all men rejoice in the fulness of peace;
Redeemed of the Lord, they his love shall extol,
And God in his glory shall be ALL IN ALL.

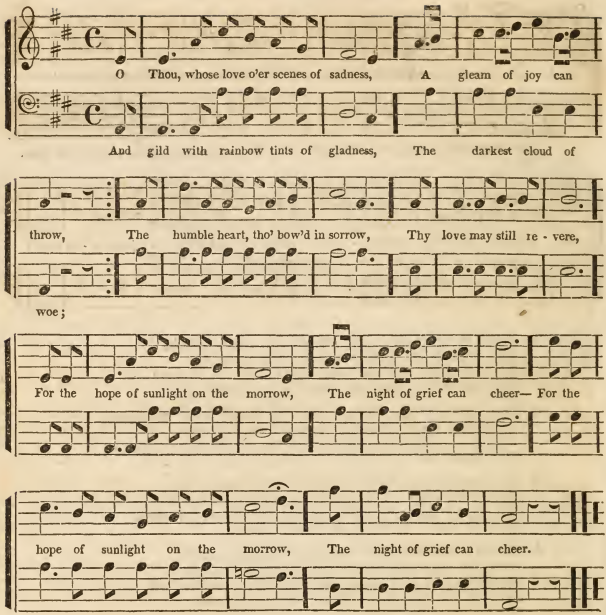
HYMN 493. Browne, 154.

1. How fearful and sad is the chilling gloom
Of the coffin and shroud, of the pall and tomb!
How cold is the eye, when the light of love
Hath fled to its fount in the kingdom above!

2. And the relict heart, with its pulseless grief,
How silent it lies, like a fallen leaf!
All, all the bright fancies it tenderly wove,
Are faded and fled to the kingdom above!

3. But soft as the ray of the vernal sun,
The hallowing hope of heaven beams on;
And the gentle voice of the heavenly Dove,
Is leading that heart to the kingdom above.

4. No longer the shroud and the pall wear gloom,—
They are travelling robes to a fairer home,
Where hearts that were linked by an earthly love,
Shall meet to inherit the kingdom above. S. C. E.



HYMN 494.

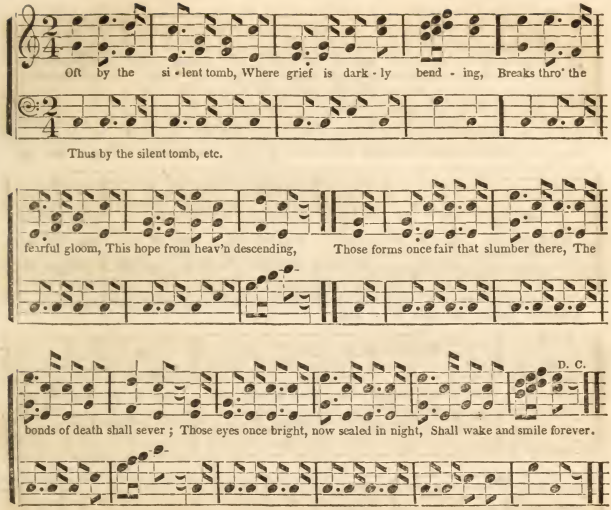
O Thou, whose love o'er scenes of sadness
A gleam of joy can throw,
And gild with rainbow tints of gladness
The darkest cloud of woe;
The humble heart, tho' bow'd in sorrow,
Thy love may still revere,
For the hope of sunlight on the morrow,
The night of grief can cheer.

Tho' on the bed of pain we languish,
Or in affliction sigh,—
Or though we weep the tears of anguish
O'er loved ones, when they die,—
In thee confiding, blessed Saviour!
We lean upon thy breast;
And the hope of thy unchanging favor,
Inspires thy heavenly rest.

HYMN 495.

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glory's past,
For time, with darkling wing, has shaded
The hopes too bright to last.
But o'er the path by grief long clouded,
Now shines a purer ray; [shrouded,
And the heart ne'er feels in sorrow
That earth should pass away.

The light of life in glory beaming,
New hopes and pleasures bloom,
And faith, with holy joys now teeming,
We feel nor doubt nor gloom.
Tho' death the ties of earth shall sever
Its reign will soon be o'er;
And the light of life shall glow forever
When time shall be no more.



HYMN 496.

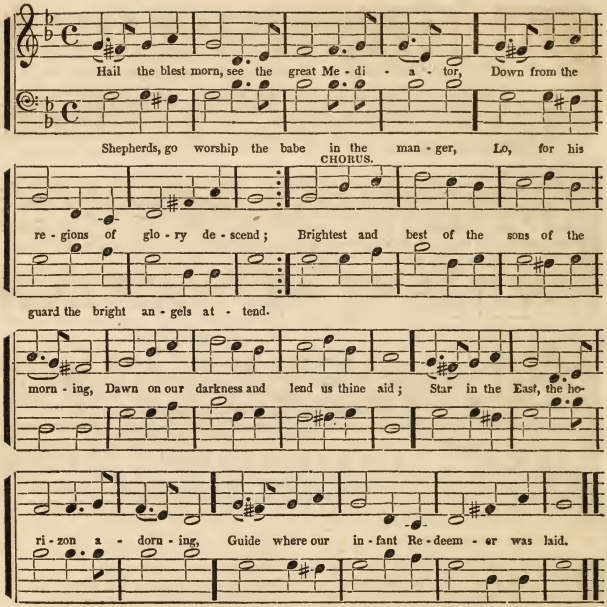
Oft, by the silent tomb,
Where grief is darkly bending,
Breaks through the fearful gloom,
This hope, from heaven descending,—
Those forms once fair,
That slumber there,
The bonds of death shall sever;
Those eyes once bright,
Now sealed in night,
Shall wake and smile forever.
Thus by the silent tomb, etc.

O, when we meet again
The friends that moulder round us,
Freed from each darkling chain
Of grief, on earth that bound us,—
Each parting knell,
Each tear that fell,
Shall be forgotten ever,—
As, round the throne,
Close joined in one,
We clasp, no more to sever.
Thus by the silent tomb, etc.

HYMN 497.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Remembrance brings the light
Of love divine around me.
The still small voice,
Bids me rejoice,
In words of comfort spoken;
And o'er life's track,
My mind looks back,
To promises ne'er broken.
Thus in the stilly night, etc.

When humbly I recall
The tokens of his favour,
I see in him, of all
The Father, Friend and Saviour,—
And feel that he
Whose love to me,
Thus far hath not abated,
Will never let
His grace forget
A soul his power created.
Thus in the stilly night, etc.



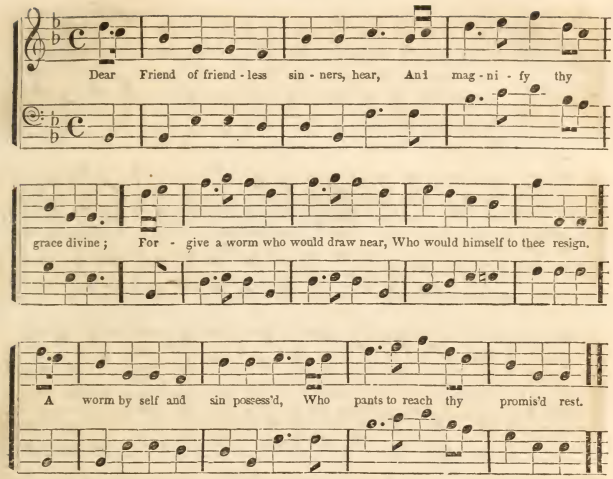
HYMN 498.

Hail the blest morn! see the great Mediator
  Down from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,—
  Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
  Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels, adore him, in slumber reclining,
  Friend, and Redeemer, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
  Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
  Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
  Vainly with gifts would his favors secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
  Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!



HYMN 499.

Dear friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;
Forgive a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign.
A worm, by self and sin opprest,
Who pants to reach thy PROMISED REST.

With holy fear and reverend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne:
I long in thee to live and move,
And stay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee THE PROMISED REST.

Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee:
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust in thee, the PROMISED REST.

Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws;
In thy dear arms of love caressed,
Give me to find thy PROMISED REST.

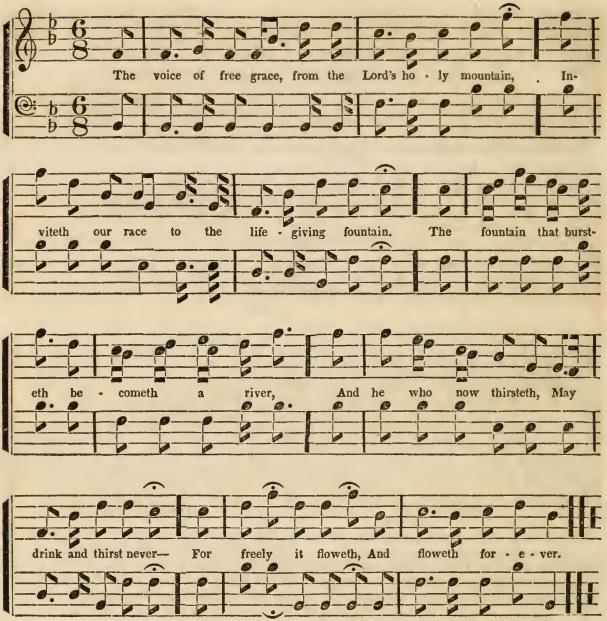
HYMN 500.

Should pain and sickness o'er me throw
Their pallid forms of wasting woe,—
Should friends forsake me, and depart,
With none to cheer my drooping heart,
I'd bow submissive to thy will,
And tho' thou slay me, trust thee still.

Should scorn and hatred point the dart,
Should falsehood reach the vital part,
Composed my ruined hopes I'd view,
And trust in thee to bear me through:
I'd bow in meekness to thy will,
And tho' thou slay me, trust thee still.

Should want, with all her meagre train,
Bring in the sad reverse of pain,—
My Saviour bowed to know the strife,
And rose above the ills of life;
To that great pattern bows my will,
And tho' thou slay me, trusts thee still.

O Father, thou art good and just,
And in thy grace I'll ever trust;
My chastened heart, with glad acclaim,
Shall still rejoice in thy dear name,
Confiding in thy gracious will,—
And tho' thou slay me, trust thee still.

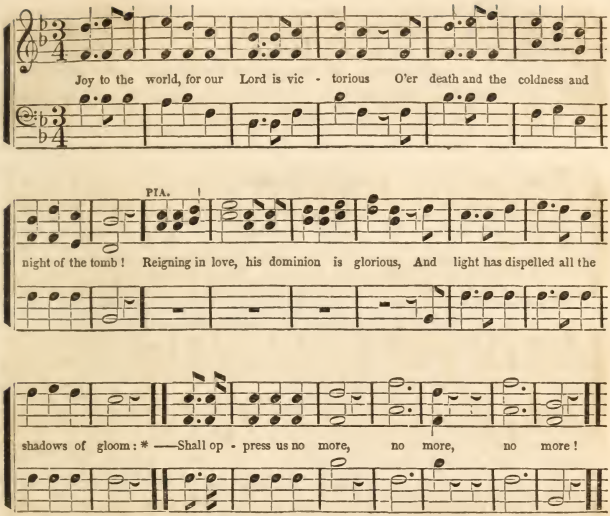


HYMN 501.

The voice of free-grace, from the Lord's holy mountain,
Inviteth our race to the life-giving fountain.
The fountain that bursteth becometh a river,
And he who now thirsteth, may drink and thirst never,
For freely it floweth—and floweth for ever.

Still soundeth the voice!—'tis the voice of the Saviour,
That biddeth rejoice in his full and free favor.
The might of his spirit from sin shall deliver,
And we shall inherit his blessing forever:
The fountain of mercy in him faileth never.

We'll love him the more when life's journey is over,
For then we the more of his grace shall discover.
In God's holy mountain, where light shineth ever,
Where bursteth the fountain, whose stream faileth never,
All nations, all kindreds, shall serve him for ever.



HYMN 502.

Joy to the world! for the Lord is victorious
  O'er death and the coldness and night of the tomb!
Reigning in love, his dominion is glorious,
  And light has dispelled all the shadows of gloom:
Joy to the world! for the Lord is victorious,
  O'er death and the coldness and night of the tomb!

Strong were his foes, but the might that distinguished
  His mission and spirit, was mightier far!
Vainly they deemed that his light was extinguished—
  He rose, and he shines as the bright Morning Star!

Hail, blessed Shiloh! we love and adore thee,
  And low at thy feet we rejoicingly fall:
Thou art our Life, our Redeemer, and Glory,
  For thee we behold as the Saviour of all!

Joy to the world! for our Lord is victorious,
  And darkness and doubt shall oppress us no more!
Christian, rejoice! for his kingdom is glorious,
  And he in his triumph mankind will restore:
Joy to the world! for our Lord is victorious,
  And darkness and doubt shall oppress us no more!

162. VICTORY.

HYMN 503.

1. I see them on their Zi - on way, About their ranks bright glories play; Their

2. And who were these thus pass'd away To realms of never ending day? Whose

joyful looks and bear - ing high, Blend with the notes of vic - to - ry. Their wa - ving

joyful looks and bear - ing high, Blend with the notes of vic - to - ry? Whose wa - ving

palms and vest - ure bright, Are glancing in the heav'nly light. They're

palms and ves - ture bright, Are glancing in the heav'nly light? The

lost and gone, the vision's past— Yet bright - er beams are on them cast. While

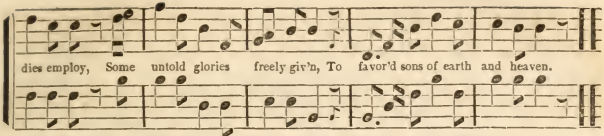
ransomed sons of God are they, Who journeyed on their Zion way. The

louder, louder, louder still, Their song is heard on Zion's hill, is heard on Zion's

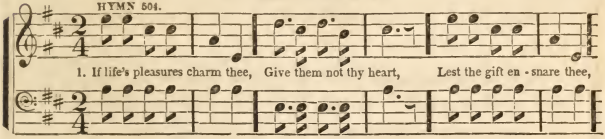
anthem loud, and louder still, As on they press'd up Zion's hill, they press'd up Zion's

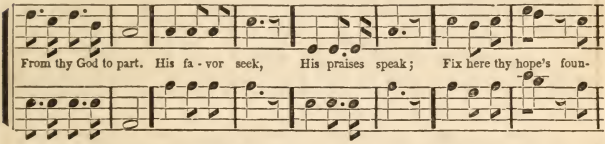
hill, is heard on Zion's hill. It seems as if some ho - ly joy, Their mingling melo-

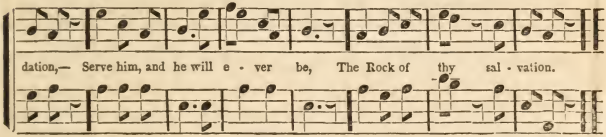
hill, they press'd up Zion's hill,— Was but their raptur'd song of praise, For triumphs of re-



163. SALVATION.







If distress befall thee,
  Painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee;
  To thy Saviour flee.
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,
  And calm thy perturbation;
The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
  The Rock of thy Salvation.

When earth's prospects fail thee,
  Let it not distress;
Better comforts wait thee;
  Christ will freely bless.
To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
  Thy heavenly consolation;
For grief below cannot o'erthrow
  The Rock of thy Salvation.

Dangers may approach thee,
  Let them not alarm;
Christ will ever watch thee,
  And protect from harm.
He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
  To ward off each temptation;
To Jesus fly,—he's ever nigh,
  The Rock of thy Salvation.

Let not death alarm thee;
  Shrink not from his blow
For thy God shall arm thee,
  And victory bestow.
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
  The grave no desolation;
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
  The Rock of thy Salvation.

SECOND TREBLE.

HYMN 505.

1. Weep thou, O mourner! but in lamen - ta - tion, May thy Re-

deemer still remembered be; Strong is his arm, the God of thy sal-

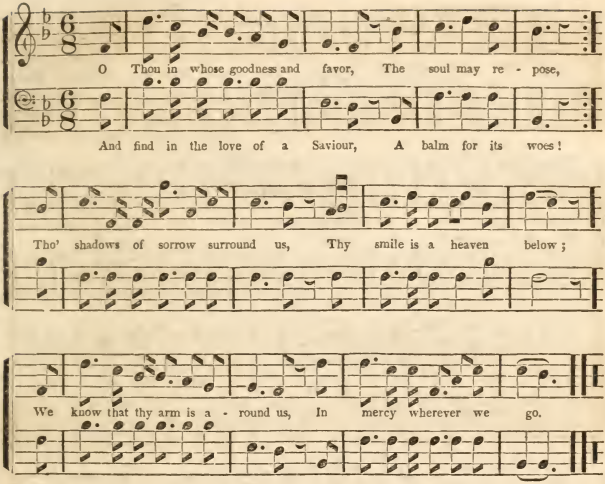
vation, Strong is his word to cheer and comfort thee, Strong is his word to

cheer and comfort thee.

Cold though the world be, in the way before thee,
Wail not in sadness o'er the darkling tomb;
God in his love still watcheth kindly o'er thee,—
Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom!

Dimmed tho' thine eyes be with the tears of sorrow,
Night be but known beneath the sky of time,—
Faith may behold the dawning of a morrow,
Glowing in smiles of life and joy sublime.

Change, then, O mourner, grief to exultation;
Firm and confiding may thy spirit be:
Strong is his arm, the God of our salvation—
Strong is his word to cheer and comfort thee.



HYMN 506.

O thou in whose goodness and favor,
The soul may repose;
And find in the love of a Saviour,
A balm for its woes.
Tho' shadows of sorrow surround us,
Thy smile is a heaven below;
We know that thy arm is around us,
In mercy, wherever we go.

Attended by conflicts and dangers,
Wherever we roam,
We feel we are pilgrims and strangers,
Away from our home.
But thou with thy children art ever,
Who humbly in thee confide;
And nought from thy mercy can sever,
If we in thy spirit abide.

When time and its journey are over,
The weary shall rest;
And pilgrims thy grace shall discover,
By thee ever blest.
O may we, this promise possessing,
Rejoice in thy gracious love;
The height and the depth of thy blessing,
Shall crown us with glory above.

HYMN 507.

The word of redemption, how precious
To them who believe!
The gifts of the spirit, how gracious,
To them who receive!
Let others rejoice in the glory
That earth and its sons bestow;
A glory divine is before me,—
None other my spirit shall know.

The world, tho' in beauty it shineth,
Is passing away;
And he for its pleasures who pineth,
Must lean on decay.
The word of the Lord faileth never,
And never his light grows dim;
His mercy endureth forever,—
I ever will glory in him.

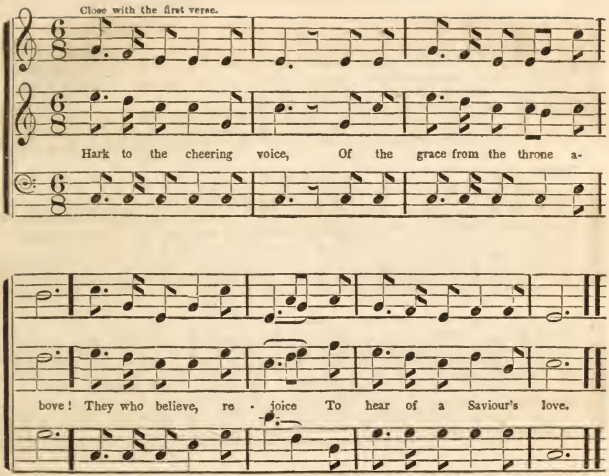
The fount of his grace ever floweth,
The fountain of love;
The light of his truth ever gloweth,
Around and above.
Thy promise, Redeemer all-gracious,
O may all the world believe;
And feel that redemption is precious,
To them who thy spirit receive.

Now be the gospel banner, In ev'ry land un - furled, And be the shout ho - sanna, Re - echoed thro' the world, Re - echoed thro' the world.

Till every isle and nation, Till every tribe and tongue, Re - ceive the great sal - - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.

CHORUS.

Now be the gospel banner, In every land un - furled, And be the shout ho - sanna, Re - echoed thro' the world, Re echoed thro' the world.



HYMN 508.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and sin combine,—
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon in terror shine.
Gird on thy sword victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Ere yet the battle cease.

Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

HYMN 509.

Hark to the cheering voice
Of the grace from the throne above;
They who believe, rejoice
To hear of a Saviour's love.

Come to the gracious feast
Of the Lord in his holy mount;
And of the stream here taste,
That flows from the living fount.

They who obey the call,
And in spirit the word believe,
Joy in the Lord of all,
And life and its light receive.

Ye who in darkness mourn
O'er the shadows around the tomb,—
Rays of salvation's morn
Here scatter the darkest gloom.

Ho! all ye fainting hearts,
Who the tears of desire have shed,—
Faith in the Lord imparts
The true and the living bread.

Ho! every one that thirsts!
Here the fountain is flowing free!
Forth from the Rock it bursts,
And flowing it ever shall be.

168. BANNOCKBURN.

Thou, whose wide ex - tend - ed sway, Suns and systems e'er o - bey,

Thou, our Guardian and our Stay, Grace and truth impart! May thy word its pow'r display,

And thy love-enkindling ray, Warm, enlighten and assay, Ev'ry waiting heart.

169. BAZIN.

Saviour, our hearts we bring, Thee to ex - - tol, And thy great

love we sing, Sa - viour of all. Humble our hymn may be, But thou our glowing

hearts canst see, Truly con - fess - ing thee, Saviour of all.

HYMN 510.

Stars upon the brow of night,
Speeding forth on wings of light,
In your long melodious flight,
Hallelujahs sing!
Flowers with overflowing brims,
Drooping on your dewy stems,
Lift your dedicated hymns
To th' Almighty King!

Anthems ring through all the sky,
Ocean's coral harps reply!
Earth! lift up thy voice on high,
Praise thy Maker's name!
Praise Him, choristers of air!
Praise Him, creatures of His care!
Morning song and evening prayer,
Should his love proclaim!

Praise the great, the Holy One,
For the wonders He has done,
For His dear, anointed Son,
Sent to shed his blood!
Praise Him, children of his love!
Loud hosannas lift above!
He will never thoughtless prove,
Of your gratitude!

Let us never cease to praise
Him who guides us in His ways,
Or forget our hearts to raise,
In adoring love.
Father, on thy throne of light!
Keep us in Thy careful sight!
Till at last we all unite
In our home above! S. C. E.

HYMN 511.

Saviour! our hearts we bring,
Thee to extol;
And thy great love we sing,
Saviour of all!
Humble our hymn may be,
But thou our glowing hearts canst see,
Truly confessing thee,
Saviour of all!

Blessings we hear thee breathe,
Thou Spirit Dove!
Garlands we see thee wreathe,
In worlds above.
When life with us is o'er,
In grateful homage we'll adore,
And laud forevermore,
Thy saving love!

HYMN 512.

Thou whose wide extended sway,
Suns and systems e'er obey!
Thou, our Guardian and our Stay,
Grace and truth impart;
May thy word its power display,
And thy love-enkindling ray,
Warm, enlighten, and assay
Every waiting heart.

Thine we are, and humbly we
Lift the voice, and bend the knee!
Thou art worthy, and shalt be
Evermore adored:
In prospective, Lord, we see
Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Reconciled in Christ to thee,
Holy, holy Lord!

Thou by all shalt be confessed,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
When to thy eternal rest
In the courts above,
Thou shalt bring the sore oppress'd;
Fill each joy-desiring breast;
Make of each a welcome guest,
At the feast of love.

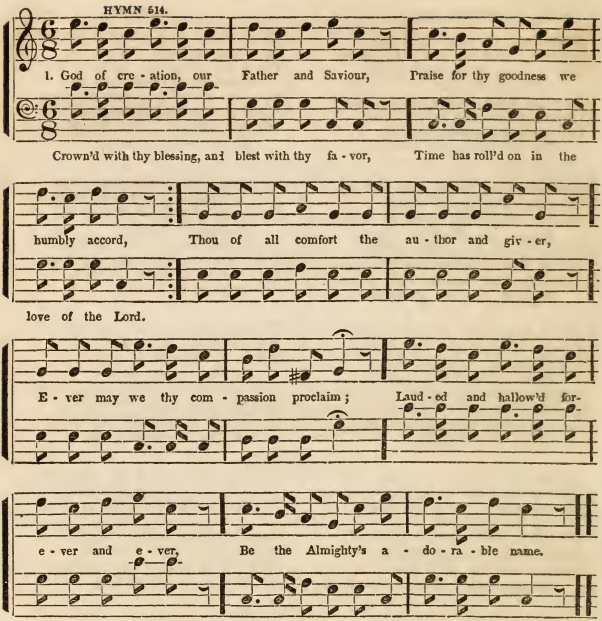
When destroying death shall die,
Hushed be every rising sigh,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Nevermore to fall;
Then shall praises fill the sky,
And angelic hosts shall cry,
Holy, Holy Lord, Most High,
Thou art all in all!

HYMN 513.

Thy bounties, Lord, we see,
Around, above;
All nature breathes of thee,
And of thy love.
The sun, undimmed by time,
Best emblem of thy light sublime,
Proclaims, in every clime,
Thy boundless love.

Gently the dews distil,
Rains sweetly fall,
Teaching thy great good-will,
Alike to all.
Lord, may thy holy word
By all mankind in faith be heard,
Breathing of grace conferred
By thee, on all.

HYMN 514.



Round us we gaze on the works of creation,
Wisdom and goodness in all things we see;
Brighter by far in the plan of salvation,
Shineth the grace that proceedeth from thee!
Forward we look, and the brightness of glory
Dawneth resplendent from mansions above;
Ransomed from sorrow, each soul shall adore thee,
Filled with the fruits of unsearchable love!

Darkness and doubting forever departed,
Sighing and sorrow forever shall cease;
And in the grace, by Jehovah imparted,
Joy shall roll on in the river of peace.
Thou of salvation the author and giver,
Oft shall remembrance thy mercies recall;
Lauded and hallowed forever and ever,
Be the Creator and Saviour of all.

HYMN 515.

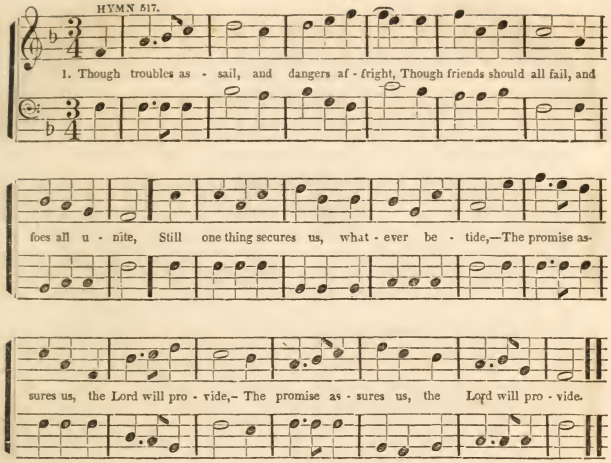
Spirit of beauty, of love and creation!
Thou who art smiling in fountains and flowers!
Here on thy altar we pour a libation,
Incense to *thy* love from well-springs in ours.

Up from the fountains of faith and thanksgiving,
Rises the rainbow of praise o'er the heart:
Sunbeams of mercy, all darkness outliving,
Brightness, and beauty, and glory impart.

Oh! for thy mercy, our Father Eternal,
Voices and harp-tones thy praises shall sing:
Fresh from our spirits, all balmy and vernal,
Blessings and honors to thee we will bring.
Bless thee, O Father! thou King of salvation!
Love is thy diadem, mercy thy seal!
Truth thy unchanging, eternal foundation,
Justice thy sceptre to bruise and to heal.

Quicken, O spirit of love and creation!
Quicken our hearts with devotional fire;
Kindle a flame in the shrine of oblation,
Waken our love with thy magical lyre.
Now from the altar our music is stealing,
Upward and onward to thee on thy throne:
Bless, dearest Father, this tribute of feeling,
Poor tho' the song be, for love wakes the tone.

S. C. E.



HYMN 516.

Swell the loud pæan! be gratitude blended
With offerings of praise to the Infinite Love!
Laud ye the Father of him who ascended,
Through death and its gloom to glory above!
Laud him, ye people—ye aged and hoary—
Ye youthful and buoyant, his goodness recall;
Lift up the soul to the "excellent glory"
Of God, the Creator and Saviour of all!

Come from the desert of darkness and error,—
Dwell in the Eden of ransoming grace,—
Leave the dominions of doubting and terror,—
The truth of redemption, O gladly embrace.
Nature resplendently shadows around you,
Light and the halo of goodness divine!
Burst from the fetters so long that have bound you,
To Christ and his freedom forever incline.

Laud him, ye people!—from valley and mountain,
Let pæans of gratitude humbly arise;
Open the gates of the heart's purest fountain,—
Pour forth its praises to God in the skies!
Join the glad anthem!—throughout every nation
The song of thanksgiving exultingly raise;
Rejoicing fore'er in the light of salvation,
To God be ascriptions of glory and praise. J. P.

Verses 2, 3, 4.

His call we obey,
Like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers,
We have a sure Guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own,
Or goodness, we claim;
Yet since we have known
Our Immanuel's name,
In him as our Saviour,
We ever confide,
For safe in his favor,
The Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through:
To him ever cleaving,
His call we'll abide,
In gladness believing
The Lord will provide

How sweet to re - flect on the joys that a - wait us, In

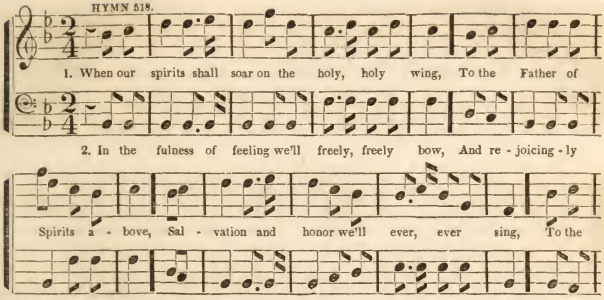
yon blissful region, the haven of rest! Where glo - ri - fied spirits with

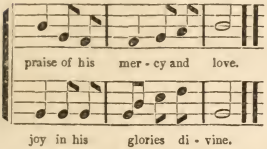
welcome shall greet us, And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest! En-

circled in light, and with glory en - shrouded, Our hap - pi - ness

perfect, our mind's sky un - cloud - ed, We'll bathe in the o - cean of

pleasure un - bounded, And range with de - light thro' the Eden of Love!





3 There the river of mercy so sweetly, sweetly flows,
From the throne of our God and the Lamb!
There the tree of salvation and blessing ever grows,
And it blooms in the smile of I AM!

4 O brightly serene is the joyous welcome ray,
That now dawns on the darkness of time!
For it lighteth the path of our weary pilgrim way,
By the dawn of an era sublime.

5 We will sing hallelujah, and fervently adore,
Hallelujah to Infinite Love;
We will sing hallelujah forever, evermore,
In the home of the spirit above.

HYMN 519.

How sweet to reflect on the joys that await us,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest!
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet us,
And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest!
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
Our happiness perfect, our mind's sky unclouded,
We'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

While legions angelic, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the Concert of praise,
The saints, as they come from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise.
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
Our souls will respond, To Immanuel be given,
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love!

Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory,
Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through ransoming love!
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation,
Reserved for mankind in the Eden of Love!

HYMN 520.

SOLO. 1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where' - er you languish,—
Come, at the shrine of God fer - vently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no
sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

HYMN 521.

Author of holiness! Light of salvation!
Thou art our father's God—thou art our Stay!
Bringing our grateful hearts, in adoration,
Here we will praise thee, and here we will pray.

Thou hast conferred on us mercy and blessing,—
Praise to thy hallow'd name, Father of love!
May we all feel in heart, thy grace possessing,
Joy and the light of thy kingdom above.

HYMN 522.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, sup - press thy groan, And let thy tears for - get to flow; Be - hold the precious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

VERSES 2, 3.

Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
Unburthen here the weighty load:
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God.
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!
Be him thy hope, thy loving Lord!

Be him thy joy! his holy light
Thy fearful gloom will chase away!
And smiling peace, a seraph bright,
Will bless thee in thy pilgrim way.
Then journey on in faith and love,
To brighter scenes in worlds above!

HYMN 523.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain,
A man of griefs, felt every pain:
He knows my pangs, he sees my fears,
And gently wipes away my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From his dear love and wisdom's way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I should not do;
He who once felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in the trying hour.

HYMN 524.

1. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, Tho'

2. Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion for - sak - ing, Per-

sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; For the Saviour has pass'd thro' its

haps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long, But the sunshine of heaven beamed

portals be - fore thee, The lamp of his love was thy guide thro' the gloom.

bright on thy waking; The song which thou heardst was the se - raphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer be - hold thee, Nor tread the rough path of the

Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere wrong to deplore thee, Since God was thy Father, thy

world by thy side; But the wide arms of mer - cy were spread to en-

Guardian and Guide; He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re-

fold thee, And sin - ners may hope, since the sin - less hath died.

store thee, Where death hath no sting, since the Sa - viour hath died.

HYMN 525.

1. All hail, ye hosts of seraphs bright, I come to join your symphony, For-
e - ver here to take de - light In your me - lo - dious com - pa - ny.

SOLO.

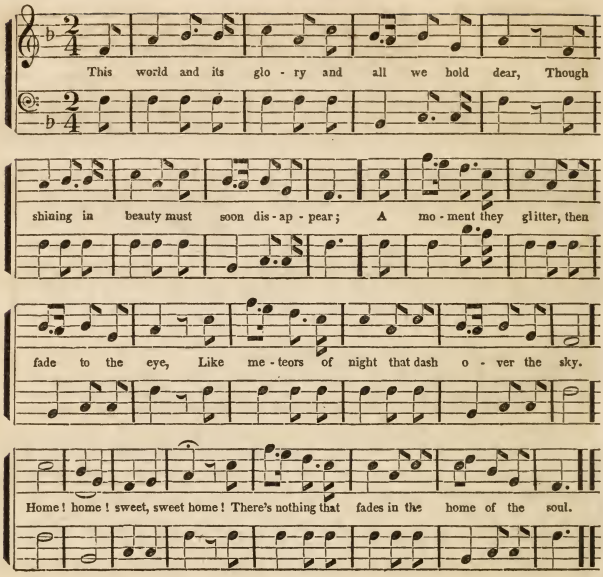
My sufferings and my toils are o'er, And now I've reach'd the peace - ful shore,

CHORUS.

And floods of light be - gin to roll, And burst upon my ravish'd soul. O
sound his praise, ye heav'n - ly choir, His glo - ries set the soul on fire.

Now I behold my Priest and King,
With grateful admiration,
His ways, his works, his name I'll sing
In flaming adoration—
His everlasting glories shine,
Diffusing light and joy divine,
While all upon that happy shore,
Shall reign with him forevermore.
O sound his praise, ye heavenly choir,
His glories set the soul on fire!

Thro' boundless fields of endless light,
My mind is left to ponder,
I sail through seas of glory bright,—
O glorious seas of wonder!
The holy saints his love proclaim,
Angelic notes in highest strains,
And loud hosannas to his name,
Are ringing o'er the blissful plains.
O sound his praise, ye heavenly choir,
His glories set the soul on fire.

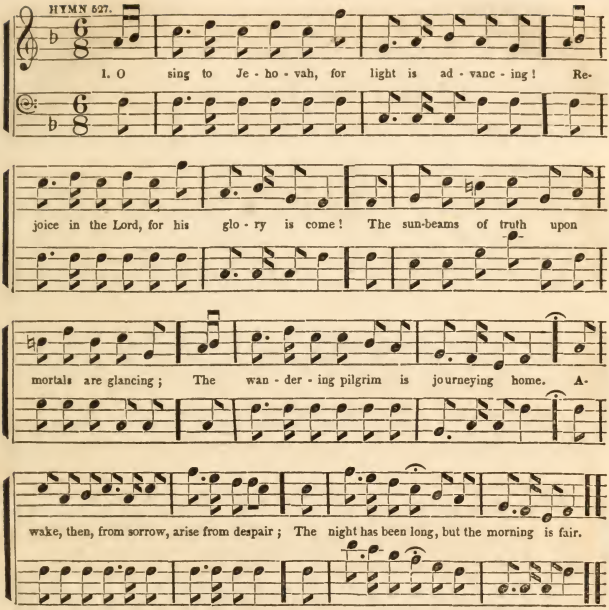


HYMN 526.

This world and its glory, and all we hold dear,
Though shining in beauty, must soon disappear;
A moment they glitter, then fade to the eye,
Like meteors of night that dash over the sky.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's nothing that fades in the home of the soul!

Though pleasure's rich cluster may temptingly glow,
In the frost of the grave no flowers shall grow;
And homes that we loved, deserted become,
And fond ones we cherish, shall sleep in the tomb.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
No parting is known in the home of the soul!

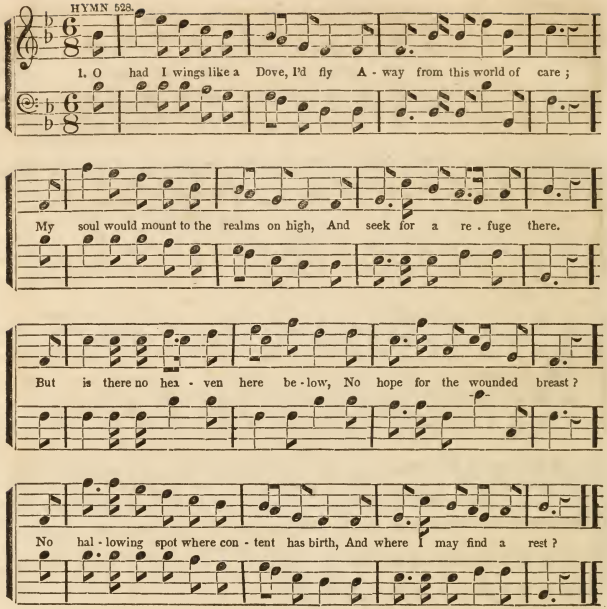
Then give me a home far away in the skies,
Where hope never withers, where love never dies!
The home of the Christian, where pilgrims are blest,
And th' exiles of earth shall be ever at rest.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
The bosom of God is THE HOME OF THE SOUL!



Exult, for the day-star from heaven is shining;
  The reign of delusion is over and gone;
Love, peace, joy and hope are their tendrils entwining,
  And justice and mercy combining in one.
Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair,—
The night has been long—but the morning is fair.

No more shall the wanderer, groping in error,
  His vision beclouded in darkness and night,
View life in despair, and the future with terror,—
  The beams of salvation have burst on the sight!
Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
The night has been long—but the morning is fair.

Rejoice! for the earth is resuming her splendor,
  The flowers of Eden are blooming anew;
The tyrant of darkness his throne shall surrender,
  And freedom revisit the Gentile and Jew.
Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
The night has been long—but the morning is fair. L. C. B.



Verses 2, 3.

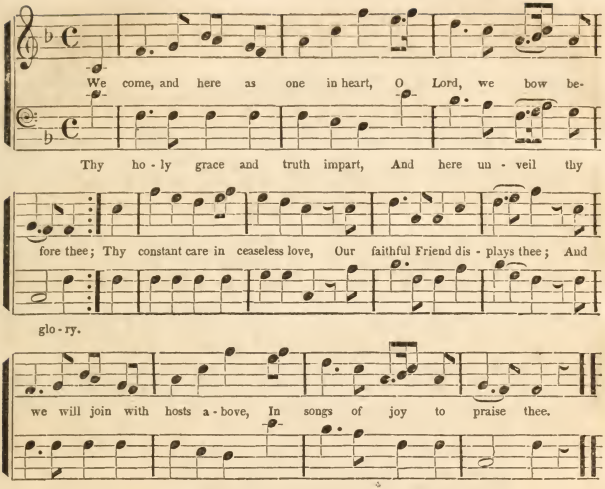
O is it not written, Believe and live !—
The heart, by bright hopes allured,
Shall find the comfort these words can give,
And be by its faith assured.
Then why should we fear the cold world's frown,
When truth to the heart has given,
The light of religion to guide us on,
In joy to the paths of heaven !

There is, there is, in thy holy word,
Thy word which can ne'er depart,
There is a promise of mercy stored
For them who are lowly of heart.
"My yoke is easy, my burden light—
O come unto me for rest !"
This, this is the promise of mercy stored,
For the wounded and weary breast.

HYMN 529.

How sweet to the soul is the still small voice
We hear from the throne above !
It bids us in faith and hope rejoice
In God and his boundless love !
Though bowed by the weight of earthly woe,
It bids us be strong in him ;
And upward we look, and behold the bow
Of promise, which ne'er is dim.

Though darkness may brood around awhile,
And shadow our way in gloom,
The light of his truth ere long will smile,
And joy in our pathway bloom.
Then let us attend the still small voice
Which speaks from the throne above !
And ever confiding in God, rejoice
In him and his boundless love !



HYMN 530.

We come—and here, as one in heart,
O Lord! we bow before thee!
Thy holy grace and truth impart,
And here unveil thy glory.
Thy constant care, in ceaseless love,
Our faithful Friend displays thee;
And we will join with hosts above,
In songs of joy to praise thee.

With tokens of thy might and skill,
Creation round is glowing;
And streams of blessing and good-will
Through nature wide are flowing—
But in thy word our faith beholds,
Thy most endearing favor;
For there the light of truth unfolds
The blessing of a Saviour.

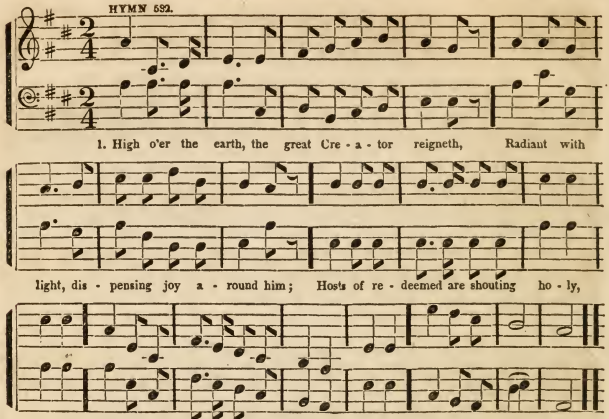
O may thy loving-kindness draw
All people to adore thee;
And may we ever love thy law,
And walk redeemed before thee.
And when the hand of death shall come,
The ties of earth to sever,
May we, in our celestial home,
Enjoy thy love forever.

HYMN 531.

Eternal God of truth above!
Bless thou the promise spoken;
And never may these bonds of love
By aught of ill be broken.
O ever may these plighted hearts,
Thy holy grace possessing,
Enjoy the bliss thy peace imparts,
In everlasting blessing.

In light and shadow, weal and woe,
In action and emotion,
Be ever theirs the joy to know
Of never-changed devotion.
O may remembrance of this hour,
Inspire a charm for ever,
Whose kindling glow and holy power
Shall be forgotten never.

In thee, O Lord, be theirs to find
Their light, and joy, and glory;
And loving thee with heart and mind,
In wisdom walk before thee.
So may they feel a heaven below,
With thee in pure communion,
And be at last received to know
The joys of endless union.



We in rejoicing join the thrilling chorus,
Blending our voices with the holy anthem,
Shouting forever to his praise and glory,—
O hallelujah!

Nor life nor death from his rich love can sever,—
His by creation—his in free redemption;
Join in his praises, shouting holy, holy,
Lord God Almighty!

When we behold him on his throne of glory,
Blessing each nation, kindred, tongue and people,
We will adore him, shouting in our triumph,
O hallelujah!

HYMN 533.

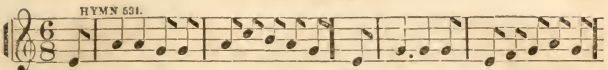
High o'er the heaven of heavens I saw, and trembled,
O God of gods, thy robes of sacred splendor!
Thunders cherubic shouting, Holy! holy!
Lord God Almighty!

Drop down, ye heavens, and pour a flood of glory;
Ye shades of death, the dawn of life approaches;
Mortals shall learn the music of thy thunders,
Infinite Goodness!

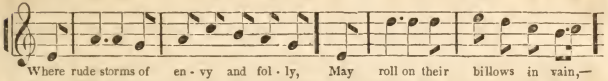
Rise from the dust, arrayed in godlike beauty,
O Solyma! immortal joys await thee:
See thy lost race, burst from their chains of darkness,
Crowned with salvation.

Shout, ye loud winds, the universal triumph;
Sing to the world, thy God, thy God descendeth,
Lifts his high hand, and swears, I live for ever,
Live, thy Redeemer!

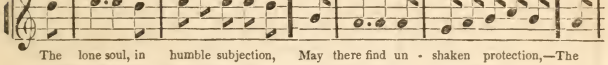
HYMN 534.



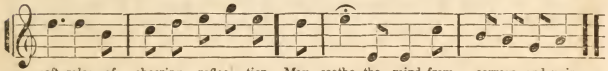
1. Lo, down, down in yon beauti - ful valley, Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
2. This lone vale is far from contention, Where no soul may dream of dissension,—
3. Ye lone sons of mis - fortune come hither, Where joys bloom and never shall wither,—



Where rude storms of en - vy and fol - ly, May roll on their billows in vain,—
No dark wiles of e - vil in - vention, Can find out this valley of peace;
Where faith binds all people to - gether, In love to the sovereign I Am;



The lone soul, in humble subjection, May there find un - shaken protection,—The
Lo, there, there the Lord will de - liver, And souls drink of the beautiful river, Which
O here, here sur - rounded with glory, O Lord, we will worship before thee, And



soft gales of cheering reflec - tion, May soothe the mind from sorrow and pain.
flows peace for e - ver and e - ver, And love and joy for - e - ver increase.
chanting re - demption's glad sto - ry, We'll laud the love of God and the Lamb!

HYMN 535. *Pilgrim*, p. 192.

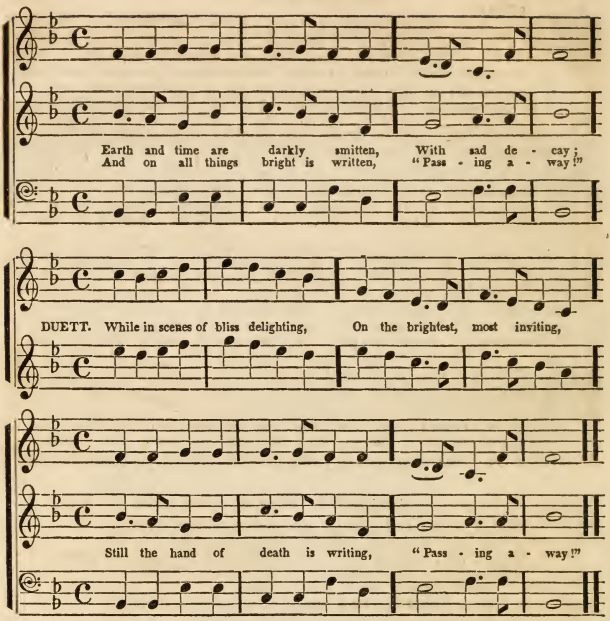
'Mid sickness and sorrow, how sweet to our hearts,
Is the hope that the gospel of Jesus imparts!
Which tells us that here, though through troubles we roam,
There's pleasure unmingled, in Heaven, our home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
How pants my rapt spirit, in prospect of home.

An exile from thence, this world dazzles in vain;
Its splendours are baubles—its pleasures are pain;
And when o'er my feelings drear sadness doth come,
With ardor I long for my heavenly home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
How longs my sad soul for my glorious home!

Then open thy portals, thou dark, gloomy grave,
And let me to earth render back what she gave;
While my soul, from the bondage of death and the tomb,
Escapes, bright and pure, to its sorrowless home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
O, when shall I gain thee, my heavenly home?

O when, in thy presence, thou all-righteous One,
Shall I dwell in that day of which thou art the Sun,
And join thy creation, 'neath Heaven's high dome,
To praise thee in thine and their own happy home?
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
O, when shall my spirit soar up to its home? D. J. M.

184. WALES.



HYMN 536.

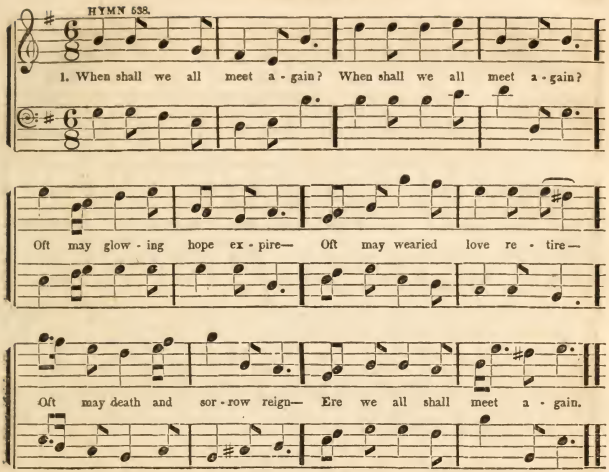
Earth and time are darkly smitten
With sad decay;
And on all things bright is written,
"Passing away!"
While in scenes of bliss delighting,
On the brightest, most inviting,
Still the hand of death is writing,
"Passing away!"

But the sighs of gloom and sadness,
Shall flee away;
For a world there is of gladness,
Free from decay.
He who made us will deliver,
And will crown us all for ever,
With the blissful joys that never
Can flee away.

HYMN 537.

There's a friend above all others;
O how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
O how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us;
But this friend will ne'er deceive us;
O how he loves!

He of all is Lord and Saviour,—
O how he loves!
We enjoy his precious favor,—
O how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide us,—
Aught of ill shall not betide us,—
Safe to glory he will guide us—
O how he loves!



Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's bright domain,
Oft may we all meet again!

When the dreams of life are fled—
When its wasted lamps are dead—
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, fame, and power are laid,—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There we all shall meet again!

HYMN 539.

Now from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set us free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, we would commune with thee;
O behold us from above,—
Fill us with a Saviour's love!

Lord, we here thy mercy know,—
May we in thy truth rejoice;
Nought can charm us here below,
But the music of thy voice;
Thou hast made our cup run o'er—
Praise be thine for evermore!

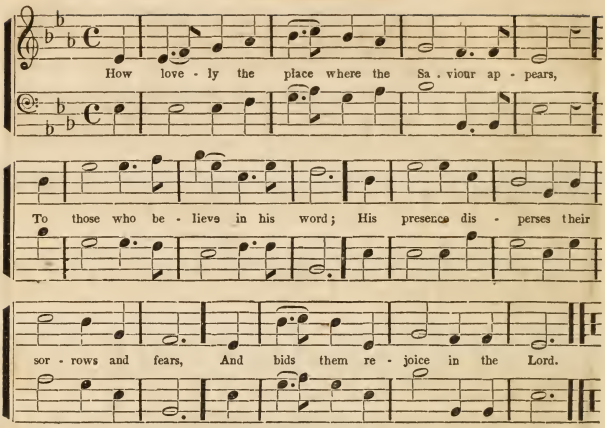
For the blessings of this day—
For the mercies of this hour—
For the gospel's cheering ray—
For the Spirit's quickening power—
Grateful hearts to thee we raise,—
O accept our hymns of praise!

HYMN 540.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let thy ever-precious blood,
Symbol of the saving flood,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,—
Should my zeal no languor know—
This for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring—
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath—
When mine eyelids close in death—
When I rise to worlds above,
And behold thy gracious love—
Rock of Ages cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.



HYMN 541.

How lovely the place where the Saviour appears, To those who believe in his word;
His presence disperses their sorrows and fears, And bids them rejoice in the Lord.

A day in thy courts, than a thousand beside, Is better and lovelier far!
My soul hates the tents where the wicked abide, And all their delights I abhor.

O give me a place with the humblest of saints, For low at thy feet I would lie;
I know thou regardest my feeble complaints, And ever to help me art nigh.

In all my endeavours, confiding in thee, Pour out thy abundance of love!
From folly's enchantments, O aid me to flee, To set my affections above.

HYMN 542.

O God of salvation, in mercy attend The voice of contrition and woe;
And while we before thee in penitence bend, Thy pardon and favor bestow.

We trust in thy mercy and hope in thy grace—O may we still seek thee in prayer!
With heirs of thy promise, O give us a place, And grant us thy presence to share.

Thy children are we, but unworthy we are—Forgetful of mercies received;
From paths of thy wisdom we've wandered afar; And often thy spirit have grieved.

O grant us repentance for every misdeed, And help us our ways to amend;
With the grace of thy spirit supply us in need, And ever from evil defend.

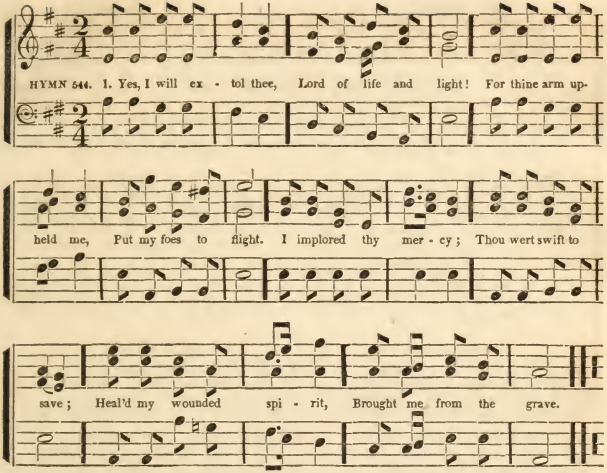
HYMN 543.

O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call!
My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My Hope, my Salvation, my All!

Where dost thou, O Saviour, resort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
O why in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in the wilderness rove?

O why should I wander an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

Dear *Shepherd*, I hear and will follow thy call, I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,—In thee I will ever rejoice.



From Spiritual Songs, p. 190, by permission.

O ye saints, sing praises,—
Call his love to mind,
For a moment angry,
But forever kind.
Grief may, like a pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy to-morrow,
With the sun return.

Author of salvation,
When our sinful race,
Sunk in desolation,
Fell in death's embrace,—
Then in boundless favor,
From the realms above,
Came a blessed Saviour,
With redeeming love.

HYMN 545.

Lord of life and glory,
Infinite in power,
Standing now before thee,
Humbly we adore.
Angels shout thy praises
Through the realms above,—
While each song that rises,
Tells that God is Love.

Author of creation,
When thy work was done,
Shouts of exultation
Echoed round thy throne.
Morning stars were ringing
Through the vault above,
Sons of God were singing
Of thy power and love.

HYMN 546.

God of our Salvation,
Unto thee we pray;
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay.
Humbly we adore thee,
Call thy grace to mind;
Here unveil thy glory—
May we blessing find.

He that dwelleth near thee,
Safely shall abide;
Evermore revere thee,
In thy love confide.
Grant us this rich blessing,
Humbly we implore;
Thine be thanks unceasing,
Now, and evermore.

HYMN 547.

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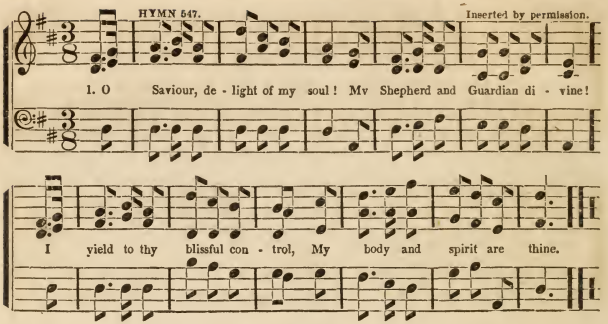


VERSES 2, 3, 4.

Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me rely upon thee;
My Saviour and King I will serve,
Whose favour is heaven to me.

How can I thy goodness repay,
How can I my gratitude show!
O scatter the darkness away,
And cause me my duty to know.

On earth, as in mansions above,
Thou only our longings can fill;
My soul shall rejoice in thy love,
And strive to conform to thy will.

HYMN 548.

My gracious Redeemer I love—
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the angels above
To chant his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

In meekness and mercy of mind,
He came not the world to condemn,
But loving the race of mankind,
He labored and suffered for them.

Triumphant he rose from the grave,
To reign in his glory above;
And willing and mighty to save,
He conquers by mercy and love.

In him I will ever rejoice,
For ever his glory I see;
His truth is the lot of my choice—
His mercy my portion shall be.

HYMN 549.

O come, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our Salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving, record
His praise with one spirit and voice.

Jehovah is King, and he reigns,
The God of all gods on his throne;
The strength of the hills he maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

O come let us worship and kneel,
Before our Creator and God,
The people who serve him with zeal,
The sheep who his pastures have trod.

To him let us hearken to-day,
The voice that yet speaks from above;
And all his commandments obey,
For they are the statutes of love.

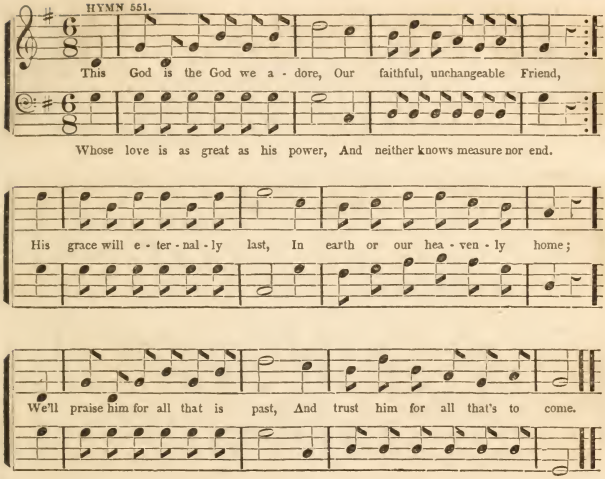
HYMN 550.

I long to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above—
The King in his beauty displayed,
The beauty of holiest love.

I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall I upward repair,
To dwell with my Father and God!

By mercy redeemed I shall stand
On Zion in blessing divine;
And view in that heavenly land,
His glory ineffable shine.

O Saviour, I long to be there,
Thy face in the spirit to see!
The bliss of thy presence to share,
And find all my heaven in thee!



HYMN 552.

Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

By faith we already behold
The lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immoveably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

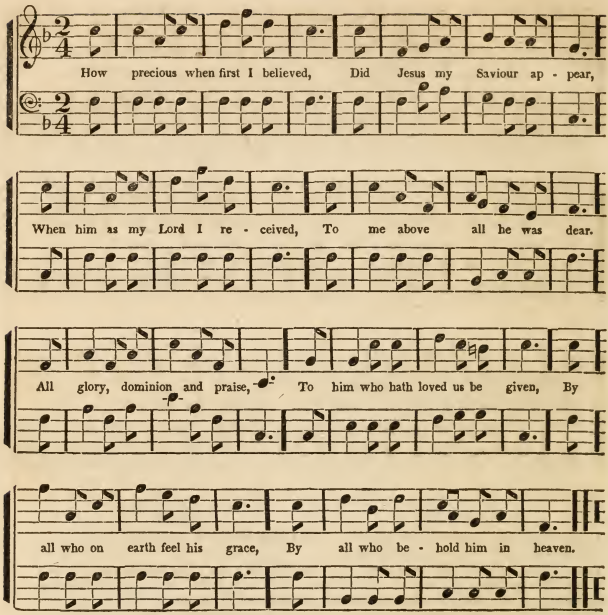
No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Christ doth his brightness display,
A pure and a permanent light;
The Lamb is their light and their sun;
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

HYMN 553.

O sing to the Lord a new song;
The universe join in the strain;
Each day the glad tribute prolong—
His wonders, his glory maintain.
With gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends:
How great is the God we adore!
How rich are the blessings he sends!

In beauty of holiness bow;
O worship with fear and with love;
How solemn his temples below!
How glorious his presence above!
Proclaim to the nations around
That God, the Omnipotent, reigns,
Whose love knows nor limit nor bound,
Whose purpose unaltered remains.

O let the wide heavens rejoice—
The earth with her myriads be glad;
The ocean shall join the loud voice—
The woods in rich verdure be clad.
Rejoice, for the Lord is at hand;
Prepare, for his judgments are nigh;—
Before him all nations shall stand;
No guilt from his justice can fly.



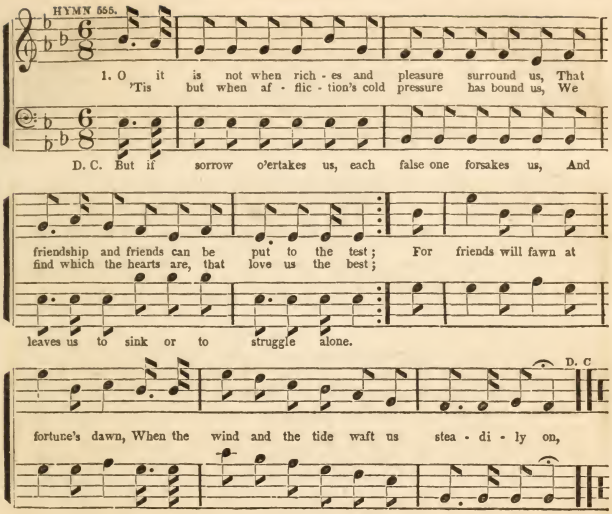
HYMN 554.

How precious when first I believed,
Did Jesus my Saviour appear,
When him as my Lord I received,
To me above all he was dear.
All glory, dominion and praise,
To him who hath loved us be given,
By all who on earth feel his grace,
By all who behold him in heaven.

With joy when my cup runneth o'er,
When smiles this vain world upon me,
My soul is transported still more,
My precious Redeemer to see.
Dominion, and glory, and might,
For ever, and ever be paid,
To Jesus our joy and delight,
In robes of salvation arrayed.

How precious in sickness and pain,
Is Jesus, Physician divine,
Whose grace then my soul doth sustain,
When all earthly comforts decline.
Salvation ascribe to the Lamb,
Who saved us from death and from sin,
Whose blood is the life-giving balm,
That heals all the sickness within.

Thro' death's gloomy vale when I tread,
And when the grave's terrors appear,
No danger or evil I'll dread,
For Jesus, my Lord, will be there:
His praises for ever we'll sing
Who's willing and mighty to save,
Who took from the monster his sting,
And spoiled of its terror the grave.



And though on love's altar the flame that is glowing
Be brighter, still friendship's is steadier far;
One wavers and turns with each breeze that is blowing,
And is but a meteor—the other's a star.
In youth love's light burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past;
While friendship's pure flame burns ever the same,
Or glows but the brighter, the nearer its last.

But though friendship may waver, and love's deep affection
Be cooled by the hand of time, here on the earth,
There's friendship in Heaven, and love, whose connexion
Is changeless and constant, ne'er knowing a dearth;
Though friendship smiles, and love beguiles
The dark wearisomeness of life's dreariest day,
They both are but mortal, and close at death's portal,
But Heaven's affection lives ever and aye.

The darkest ingratitude never can wound it;
It burns but the brighter, the deeper the guilt;
As ocean's depth fathomless, who can e'er sound it?
And our structure of hope on its basis is built.
Though fortune frown, and friends disown,
And all human affections grow cool, and depart,
The friendship which Heaven to mortals hath given,
For ever survives, to enliven the heart.

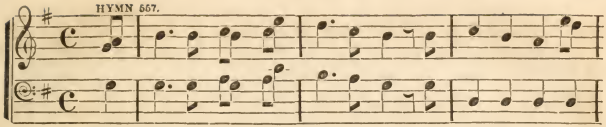
192. KNIGHT. 7. 6.

Air by J. P. Knight.

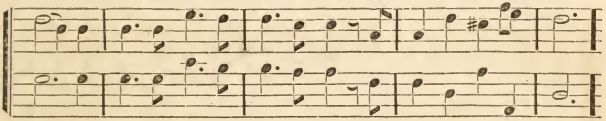
HYMN 556. In ev'ry scene of sor - row, In every gloomy hour, From Christian hope we borrow, A balm of ho - ly power. Although in woe we languish, Nor hear a joyous tone, Or bow'd in deepest anguish, Where pleasure is un - known,—The dawn of hope ap - pearing, The shadows flee a- way, And hope, with gladness cheering, Un - veils her ho - ly ray.

O ever may we cherish, This joy-enkindling ray,
Though other hopes may perish, And other joys decay.
A world of light unclouded, By Christian hope is shown,
A world by gloom unshrouded, Where sorrow is unknown.
In light and blessing glorious, Of holiness possessed,
There, over death victorious, The weary soul shall rest.

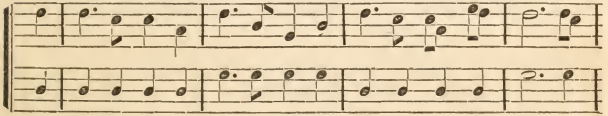
HYMN 557.



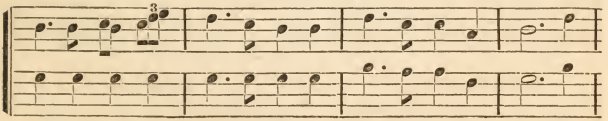
1. The bird let loose in eastern skies, When hast'ning fond - ly
2. So grant me, Lord, from every care, And stain of passion



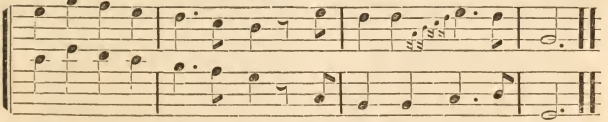
home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where idle warblers roam:
free, A - loft, thro' virtue's purer air, To hold my course to thee:



But high she shoots thro' air and light, A - bove all low de - lay, Where
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay My soul, as home she springs, Thy



nothing earth - ly bounds her flight, Nor sha - dow dims her way, Where
sunshine on her joy - ful way, Thy free - dom in her wings,—Thy



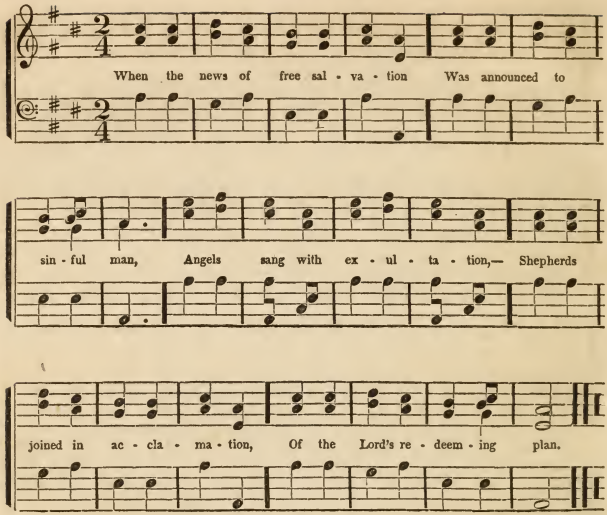
nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor sha - dow dims her way.
sunshine on her joy - ful way, Thy free - dom in her wings.

HYMN 558.

O, who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
That hides the nations now!
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie,
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye!

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows, shall waft
Some long-lost wand'rer home.

194. STEWART.



HYMN 559.

When the news of free salvation,
  Was announced to sinful man,
Angels sang with exultation,—
Shepherds joined in acclamation,
  Of the Lord's redeeming plan.

Not o'er fields of battle gory,
  Rang the chorus of the sky;
Not of war had been the story,
But of peace! the anthem, Glory—
  Glory be to God on high!

Hail! Messiah, gift of heaven!
  Welcome to the darkened earth;
Clouds of gloom by thee are riven,
And the light of life is given,
  In thy ever-welcome birth.

Reign in all thy mercy o'er us,
  And our ev'ry need supply;
Till we sing, o'er death victorious,
In thy holy image glorious,
  Glory be to God on high.

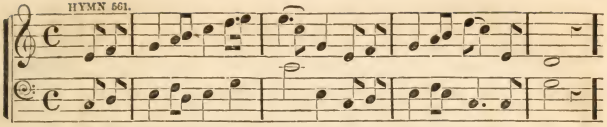
HYMN 560.

In the morning of creation,
  Morning stars together sang;
And with notes of admiration,
And the voice of adoration,
  Heaven's eternal arches rang.

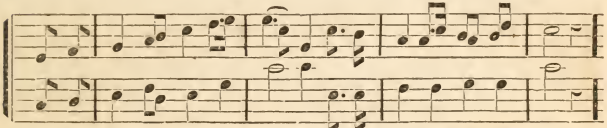
When the angel-host descended
  To announce a Saviour's birth,
Morning stars their chorus blended,
With the anthem which attended
  News of peace to darkened earth.

Life to light our Saviour bringing,
  When death's realm he rose to mar,
Heaven's high arch with joy was ringing,
And the sons of God with singing,
  Hailed the Bright and Morning Star.

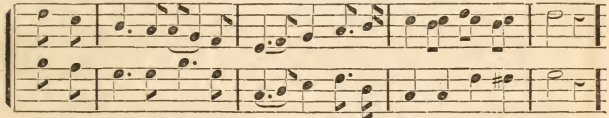
When mankind, in endless blessing,
  At his feet shall humbly fall,
Angel-hosts, their joy expressing,
Shall unite with men, confessing,
  God in Christ is all in all!



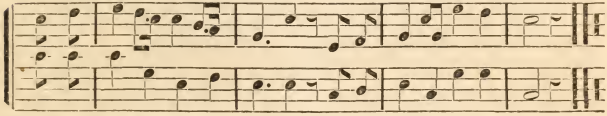
1. They are wed—the word is spoken— Hand to hand, and heart to heart;
2. May they feel, in scenes of gladness, That their joy proceeds from thee,



Tho' all other ties be broken, Time these bonds shall never part.
And in every scene of sadness, May thy grace their comfort be.



Bless, O Lord, this sa - cred union, With af - fec - tion's purest glow,
In de - vo - tion changing never, Peaceful be their life's de - cline;



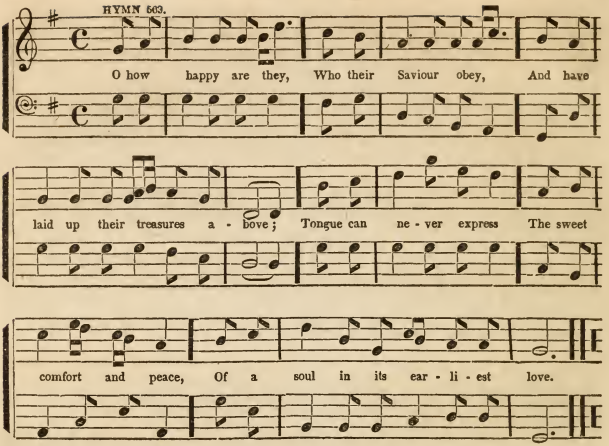
And may love's unchanged com - mu - nion, Be with them where'er they go.
Blessed of love and thee for - e - ver, They are thine, and only thine!

HYMN 562. *Scotland*, p. 174.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish—
We fly to our Maker! >> "Save, Lord! or we perish!"

Oh, Saviour! once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now, reigning in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—>> "Save, Lord! or we perish!"

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,—
When sin in the heart its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,—
Rebuke the destroyer—>> "Save, Lord! or we perish!"



That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When at first I believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

'T was a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sin, and temptation and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again,

I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world it was under my feet.

O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
And was filled with the fulness of God.

HYMN 564.

[*Suitable for either of the tunes on pp.* 160—165.]

Sweet, sweet is the cordial which friendship distils
For the heart that is stricken with sorrows and ills;
But sweeter, far sweeter, the balm which flows free
For the bosom that trusteth, O Saviour! in thee.

Dear, dear are the tokens which love leaves behind,
When brightness and beauty to death are resigned;
But dearer, far dearer than such can e'er be,
Is thy smile to the spirit that trusteth in thee. D. J. M.

HYMN 565. *Gratitude*, p. 90.

I've searched the sacred volume thro',
Its truth divine to learn;
And oh, enrapturing to my view,
What glories I discern!

Farewell to doubting, fears and pains,
Those tyrants of the mind!
The truth has burst their galling chains,
They can no longer bind.

I'll trust the promise of thy word,
Till that triumphant hour,
When every creature shall be heard
Ascribing praise and power;

When all the ransomed, happy throng,
To praise the great I AM,
Shall join their voices in the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Then let its persecuting foes
This precious faith revile;
Securely still will I repose
In my Redeemer's smile.

My weary soul in peace shall rest
On this transporting theme;
For all our kindred shall be blest
With life and joy supreme.

I'll trust the promise of thy word,
Till that triumphant hour, etc. L.C.B.

HYMN 566. *Dempster*, p. 207.

My soul has often stretch'd its wings
O'er nature's varied frame,
And search'd the rich tho' hidden springs,
Whence all her bounties came;

But still, whene'er its home it sought,
Like Noah's restless dove,
One truth from every scene it brought,
The truth, that God is love.

And if on life's eventful maze,
The fitful glance I throw,
Which calls to mind my former days,
With all their weal or woe;

Though here the cloud may darkly lead,
And there the fire may move,
Inscribed on each I still can read
The truth, that God is love.

But when, from this poor dust relieved,
I tread the courts divine,
And, to my Father's house received,
On Jesus' breast recline;

My soul in that ecstatic hour,
Shall higher transports prove,
And taste, in all its bliss and power,
The truth, that God is love.

HYMN 567. *Cuthbert*, p. 76.

I love awhile to steal away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer;

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
And feel that they my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven:

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HYMN 568. *Thorning*, p. 74.

The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might;
While all his works with all his ways,
In harmony unite.

In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below, and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.

Here in their weary pilgrimage,
The Saviour is their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
His praises they prolong.

HYMN 569. *Willis*, p. 77.

I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies!

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

In every plant and flower below,
Thy glory is made known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

TENOR AND ALTO.

SECOND TREBLE.

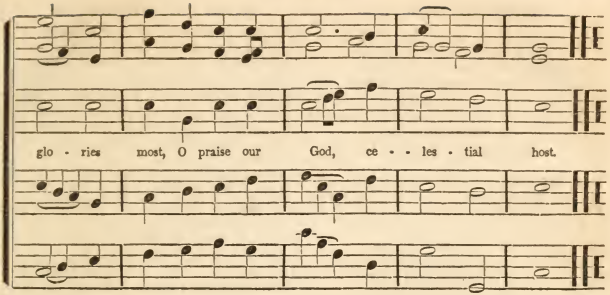
Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures

here be - low! Where he un - veils his glo - ries most, O

P.

praise our God, ce les - tial host! Where he un - veils his

F.



HYMN 570.

Praise ye the Lord! be our employ
To laud his name in hymns of joy.
Unerring skill his works disclose;
Unbounded might creation shows;
And skill and might, beneath, above,
Display the wonders of his love.

Praise ye the Lord! his saving grace
Conferred on all our sinful race,
The erring world shall yet restore
To light and life for evermore,—
And heaven's high dome of bliss above,
Resound the triumphs of his love.

Praise ye the Lord! be ours to know
The blessings from his grace that flow.
In all our ways, regarding Him
Whose holy light is never dim,
Our hearts may feel begun in this,
The joys of His high world of bliss.

HYMN 571.

Behold our Lord, who, slain of men,
In life renewed comes forth again!
His foes in vain their power display;
His God was mightier far than they;
And now in light ascended far,
He shines, the Bright and Morning Star.

He reigns in love, and on our race
Bestows his free and boundless grace;
Nor will he rest till sin shall cease,
And all shall hail him Prince of Peace!
Then shall mankind his name extol,
And God in Christ be all in all.

HYMN 572.

O Lord our God, whose holy light
Reveals the wonders of thy might!
The eye of faith thy love surveys,
In all thy works and all thy ways.
In every scene thy glories shine,
And wide display thy power divine.

The golden sun, undimmed by time
Proclaims thy hand in every clime.
Tho' darkness veil the glowing sky,
His beams for ever shine on high,
And shadow forth, in radiance bright,
The goodness of the God of Light.

The gentle rains which clouds distil,
A symbol of thy gracious will,
In every age, in every land,
Obedient to thy wise command,
Reveal this truth from heaven above,
The Lord of might is God of Love.

Thro' nature wide thy glories shine,
Unveiling light and love divine;
And in thy word our faith beholds
The blessings which thy grace unfolds.
To warm and guide our every heart,
Thy love and light, O Lord, impart.

HYMN 573.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word: [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

HYMN 574. *Utica*, p. 204.

Dear Saviour, we meet in thy name,
Thy life-giving presence impart,
Thy wisdom and mercy proclaim,
And graciously visit each heart.

Be present to teach us to pray,
And sing of thy goodness and love;
To join in thy worship below,
With those who adore thee above.

Here may the poor sinner receive
Some message of mercy and peace;
Repent, and obey, and believe,
And joy in thy wonderful grace.

To comfort the mourner appear,
To bind up the broken in heart,
The weary and contrite to cheer,
And bid them in blessing depart.

O Lord, whilst we suffer below,
And trials and conflicts endure,
All needful assistance bestow,
And help us the crown to secure.

O may we, when summon'd away,
The messenger hail as a friend;
And leaving our houses of clay,
To mansions of glory ascend.

HYMN 575. *Thayer*, p. 130.

Hark! the SONG OF JUBILEE,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!

Hallelujah to the Lord!
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
Heard thro' earth, and thro' the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!

See Jehovah's banner furled, [done!
Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens are passed away!

Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 576. *Fuller*, p. 195.

If clouds arise, and storms appear,
If friends and all forsake me,—
There's One my aching heart to cheer,
And to his bosom take me.

Blest Saviour! let it be my lot,
In all my round of being,
To know thy friendship alters not,
Tho' other friends are fleeing.

O be it thine to guide my soul,
O'er life's dark, stormy ocean,
And naught I'll fear, tho' billows roll,
Nor dread the wild commotion.

Thy love shall be my polar light,
Whatever may betide me;
For, 'mid the storm and dreary night,
Its blaze shall shine to guide me.

HYMN 577. *Fuller*, p. 195.

Tho' travelling thro' a wilderness,
Where duty's call divides us,—
Tho' many a wintry storm distress,
The star of hope shall guide us.

And this shall cheer the lonely way,
And gild the gloom of sorrow;
And, thro' the shades of parting day,
Reveal a brighter morrow.

E'en should this star be clouded here,
And should we meet—ah! never,
The transient joys of life to share,—
'Twill not be dimmed for ever.

No! we shall meet, tho' parted here,
To part again,—oh, never!
But with our blessed Saviour there,
To live in joy for ever.

HYMN 578. *Missionary*, p. 146.

God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help, is near.

Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;

His might thy heart shall strengthen;
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

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* Music arranged and adapted expressly for this work.

☞ The music syllables most commonly used, are FAW, SOL, LAW, MI. Ascending octave,—faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, mi, faw. Descending octave, by inversion,—faw, mi, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw. The natural place for MI, is in B; but

If B be flat, MI is removed to	E,	If F be sharp, mi is removed to	F,
If B and E be flat,	A,	If F and C be sharp,	C,
If B, E, and A be flat,	D,	If F, C, and G be sharp.	G,
If B, E, A, and D be flat,	G.	If F, C, G, and D be sharp,	D.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
Look aloft and be firm, and confiding of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow be swifter to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
Look aloft to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart:
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And, oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.